EX BIBLIOTHECA
Collegii St. F. Xaverii.

Sect 051
Lib H 81
Vol 9-10 Cop 1
Acces 22805

SECT. B SHELF

WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. IX, No. 2.

APPLICATIONS FOR THE MARYLAND MISSION. 1640.

The English Jesuits in Maryland made but few converts among the Indians, whilst the labors of their French brethren in Canada were crowned with remarkable success. That no lasting impression was made upon the native population, that the efforts bright with promise were suddenly arrested, must be attributed to the iniquity of the times and to the unfortunate circumstances in which they were placed, and not to a lack of zeal and apostolic spirit. The letters here published for the first time will go to show this.

The missionaries, who accompanied the Maryland pilgrims of 1634, lost no time in entering upon the work of evangelizing the natives. Even before a site was chosen for St. Mary's, we find Fr. Altham, through an interpreter, unfolding the doctrines of Christ to the great chief of the Piscataways, then living on the Virginia side of the Potomac.* Father White, from the beginning, was impressed with the conviction that the natives could easily be led to embrace the faith, and earnestly desirous of diffusing the

* Though called Piscataways, the Indians visited on this occasion by Father Altham in company with Governor Calvert were really the tribe of Potomacs, belonging to the Confederation of Powhattan, and dwelling on Potomac Creek, in what is now Stafford and King George counties, Virginia.

light of the Gospel among them, soon turned his attention to the conversion of the Patuxents. In 1639, we find Father Brock (*verè* Morgan) living among them at Mattapany; this zealous missionary thus expresses himself in a letter written five weeks before his death: "I would rather, laboring for the conversion of these Indians, expire on the bare ground, deprived of all human succor, and perishing with hunger, than once think of abandoning this holy work of God from the fear of want." Although the four priests at this time (1639) in Maryland scarcely sufficed for the spiritual wants of the colonists, yet Father Fisher alone resided permanently at St. Mary's. Father Brock was with the Patuxents; Father John Gravener (Altham) resided on Kent Island, and the ardent zeal of Father White had prompted him to take up his abode at or near Piscataway on the Potomac, about fifteen miles south of the present city of Washington. He had composed a dictionary and catechism in the native idiom; the king of the country had welcomed the herald of the true faith, and shortly afterwards with several of his tribe, this powerful chief of the Piscataways was baptized; the Anacostian chief was well-disposed, and earnestly begged a missionary for his people; the harvest of souls was ripening, and seemed only to be waiting for the laborers to gather it in.

Letters, descriptive of the good already accomplished and of the cheering prospects for the future, were despatched to Europe. Father Edward Knott, at that time Provincial of England, sent the *Relations* to Liege, together with an exhortatory letter inviting an expression of opinion, and asking volunteers for the new missions. The men who were preparing themselves for the endurance of all that English law had enacted against Jesuits;—on whom the dark days of the Protectorate were to fall,—some of whom were to be confessors of the faith during the Oates delirium, were not slow to respond when an appeal was made to labor for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Twenty-three letters have come down to us. They are in great part written from Liege, the Scholasticate of the English Province, and are stamped: RECT.: COLL.: ANGL.: SOC.: JESU: LEOD. They are addressed: *P. Odoardo Knotto, Soc. Jesu per Angliam Provinciali — Audomarum.* These letters are well preserved, and written in fairly legible characters. We print the first one *literatim;* the only change introduced in the others is to accommodate them to modern spelling.

I.—*Letter of Father Francis Parker.**

REVERENDE IN CHRISTO PATER,

PAX CHRISTI.

At y^e^ very readinge of y^r^ Reverence his letter concerninge Mariland, I confesse I found myself very strongly moved to y^e^ undertakinge of soe greate a worke, and allthough I was then in a very quyett moode, as havinge y^e^ self same day ended y^e^ spirituall exercise, yett y^t^ I might more assuredly knowe y^e^ devyne Will in a matter of such consequence, I resolved to take some days of mature consideration before I would wryte unto you: havinge therefore all this whyle seriously debated y^e^ question with myself in y^e^ sight of Allmighty God, directinge all my devotions to knowe sweete Jesus his Will in this poynt, after all I fynd in my self a most earnest desyre to live and dye in an employment soe gratefull to his devyne Majesty, soe directly expressinge y^e^ holy apostles lyfe, and soe advantageous for y^e^ assistinge of soe many poore needy soules

* Father Francis Parker was a native of Lancashire, born in 1606, and admitted into the Society in 1626. He was sent upon the English mission in 1644, or 1647, and labored in that fruitful but dangerous field for upwards of thirty-two years, with great harvest of souls, during difficult and trying times. He was falsely accused with the other Fathers in the feigned plot for the murder of the king, and publicly proclaimed by the Privy Council, before he had even heard the charge. Finding no place of refuge in the kingdom, and despairing of being able either to conceal himself, or to be of any service to his neighbor, he succeeded in embarking for Belgium in the depth of winter.

as famish there dayly for want of y^e^ breade of lyfe. The chiefest objections which occurred unto me were these: y^t^ if I went now, perchance I should fynd some difficulty in matter of controversy with heretiques there, havinge yett read but litle in y^t^ kynde, and had no practise at all. 2ly, y^t^ I should want all those spirituall helpes of y^e^ third yeare under Fr. Stafford, to whose idea in matter of vertue I have ever had a greate ambition wholy to frame myself, and now y^e^ tyme just seemed to be come in which I might most fitly compasse my desyre. Lastly, y^t^ my eldest brother, two sisters with their husbands and children are all heretiques, my mother very ould and soe weake a Catholique, y^t^ I have just reason to thinke her allmost in extreame want of present help, which many others of my friends since Fr. Scroope came out of those parts doe allsoe very much stand in neede of, and I seemed now to be come to y^e^ poynt when Allmighty God might dispose of me soe, y^t^ perchance I might afford them some small succour. Yett for all this, betwixt sweete Jesus and my self I have soe clearly solved not only these, but allsoe all other objections, of a hard journey, want of all humane comfort, paynes to be necessarily undergone in y^e^ gayninge of soules, continuall hazard of lyfe, etc., y^t^ I verily thinke I could securely defend this question without a President. I will not rehearse my motives, because I have allmost infinite, amongst others this is none of y^e^ smallest, y^t^ herein I shall soe neerely resemble glorious St. Xaverius, to whom above all other Saynts I have ever since my conversion bine most especially devoted. Wherefore I doe most humbly prostrate myself at y^r^ Rev^ces^ feete, and beg of you for y^e^ appretiative and tender love you bear to all y^e^ glorious Saynts of our Society, and to y^e^ pretious

---

Greatly advanced in years, and with health, previously infirm, now completely ruined by the effects of his long journey, he sank under his sufferings in the course of a few weeks after arriving, and rendered up his soul to God in the house of the Tertians at Ghent, May 20, 1679, æt. 73: having been fifty-three years a religious, and thirty-eight a professed Father.—RECORDS OF THE ENGLISH PROVINCE (*Series* XII. p. 531.).

blood sweete Jesus shed for all y^e^ soules of Mariland, y^t^ you will graunt me this jubily of hart for y^e^ only favour I begge of you this Jubily yeare, as to employ me freely, if you judge me worthy of so greate a benefite. If it be my good hap to be disposed of y^t^ way, I should be glad if in y^r^ answere, you will give me leave to buy some few books for Catechisme and preachinge good morall thinges, which I know may be had here and at Antwerp, and scarce any where else.

Soe comittinge you most hartily to y^e^ protection of sweete Jesus, I rest

R^ae^ V^ae^ Filius indignus et Servus in Christo,

26 July, 1640. FRANCISCUS PARKERUS.

II.—*Letter of Father Roger Rigby.**

REVERENDE IN CHRISTO PATER,

PAX CHRISTI.

I had thought to have petitioned for a favor at your Reverence's last being here; but your sudden, and indeed to me unknown departure prevented me. However, I hope it was not without God Almighty's particular providence, that I might maturely deliberate of so weighty a matter, before I proposed it. My request is only to entreat the happiness to be made partaker of that happy

* Father Rigby obtained his request, and came to Maryland in 1641. The annual letters for this year mention that only three priests were on the mission, and that Father Rigby was confined by sickness for three months. Next year, he went to a new settlement called in the vulgar idiom, *Patuxent*, for a better opportunity of learning the Indian language, also that he might better instruct some neophytes, and scatter the seed of faith along the banks of that great river. "The difficulty of the language is so great, that none of us can yet converse with the Indians without an interpreter. Father Rigby has made some little progress, so that he hopes he will be able in a short time to converse with them upon things of chief importance, as far as may be necessary to instruct them for Baptism, having with the aid of an interpreter composed a short catechism." LITT. ANN. 1642. This was almost the only fruit of his labors. Troubles arose in 1645; the Fathers were carried off to Virginia by a party of marauders, and Father Rigby died there in 1646, æt. 38, Soc. 17.

mission of Maryland. 'Tis true, I conceive the mission not only happy and glorious, but withal hard and humble, in regard of the raw state things as yet are in; yet the love of Jesus neither fears labor nor low employment. Your Reverence's letter enkindled in my mind a great desire of this voyage, renewed former good purposes to that effect, and made me in fine resolve upon it. This resolution hath been very much strengthened this time of holy exercises both in prayer, Holy Mass, and other occasions, which I have taken to deliberate of this point. I confess the deliberation hath been long, and the resolution, I fear, will come late both for others' speedier petitions, and the time of the year; nevertheless, not always "first come, first sped," sometimes *novissimi* become *primi;* and being near at hand, I confide, I may be ready in due time for that voyage the next opportunity. Besides, though others far better deserving, and more able to found that new spiritual plantation, will have already presented themselves, yet I should be glad to join my meanest endeavors with their best; and the little experience I have had, gives me good hopes, that my health and strength will be able to break through occurrent difficulties, and accompany others in their greatest labors. I fear, I have hindered your more serious thoughts too long, wherefore in a word I leave the matter wholly to your prudent charity, desiring you would freely dispose of me as you judge best. If you be already furnished with work-men, it may be you will want the next spring to provide for a new harvest; then you know where to find me. And with my dutiful respects, and best wishes, I humbly crave part of your Holy Sacrifices, and rest this 31 of July, 1640.

Your Rev's humble servant in Christ,

ROGER RIGBIE.

III.—*Letter of Father John Parker.*

Reverende in Christo Pater,

Pax Christi.

By reason of yours written concerning the happy success of our mission in Maryland, I wished Reverend Father Rector to signify unto your Reverence, that I was most willing and desirous to consecrate my weak endeavors to God's service in those parts. To which also I do not esteem myself a little obliged by reason of a vow, whereof sometime in manifestation I have spoken to your Reverence. True it is that some condemn me here as unfit for such an employment both for want of health and an imperfection in my speech, but I hope that neither of these will be any impediment unto me. For, although my health be not at this present very good, yet since the ending of my studies it is better than it was, and I hope by the help of Villiers will be much more abettered; at least ways even the change of air may much conduce unto it. And as for the imperfection in my speech, sure I am, that, unless in fervor of disputation especially in a strange language, it is hardly perceptible. And verily it seems also the custom of Almighty God to make choice of less fit instruments, that whatever is done may be ascribed to the true author of it. In fine, I am solely in your Reverence his hands and so remain.

Rev^ae^ Ves^ae^ servus in Christo,

Leodio. Aug. 6, 1640. Joannes Parkerus.

IV.—*Letter of Brother Robert Gray.**

Reverend Father,

Your Reverence gave us to understand the last night what desire those first Fathers of ours which was sent in

* "This valuable lay-brother was a native of Northumberland, and died at St. Omer's 25th of October, 1658, æt. 52, Soc. 19." Oliver.

Maryland mission hath of supplies. I make bold in all submission to tell you what promise I made to Father Copley* at his going, that after the death of Father Blount, if I lived after him, I would come to him in Maryland, provided I might be admitted. Father Windfield can tell you what he heard of a desire I had to go, if things of moment have not put it out of his remembrance. Now for my part, I conceive myself to be a staff in your hand to be put to carry me with your will. Trusting in sweet Jesus that I shall never have a thought to separate me from your Rev., I remain on

Your dutiful servant and your most unworthy,
ROBERT GRAY.

V.—*Letter of Father John Cooper.*†

REVERENDE IN CHRISTO PATER,
PAX CHRISTI.

Your Reverence's exhortatory letter towards Maryland mission caused such comfort and

---

* In the *Records of the English Province* (Series VII., p. 336.) the editor notes that he cannot trace any such Father in the Province, nor does the name occur in the catalogue made by Fr. Mc Sherry at Rome. Yet, Fr. Copley is mentioned by this Brother in a letter to his Provincial, and also in Archbishop Carroll's narrative as among the first companions of Fr. White. The name is also found on some deeds of transfer, and figures among the freemen invited to take part in the deliberations of the colonial assembly held at St. Mary's, which began on the 25th day of January, 1637. The record has been preserved, and is printed in the Maryland Hist. Soc. *Fund Publications*, No. 9. (p. 17.).

After, were summoned to appeare by vertue of writte to them directed:

Mr. Thomas Copley, Mr. Andrew White, Mr. John Altham	of St. Marie's hundred. gent: of the same hundred	Robert Clerke gent. appeared for them, and excused their absence by reason of sickness.

The next day, they preferred a request to be excused from serving in the Assembly, which was granted.

Father Copley came to the colony in 1637; he brought many servants, and the land grants were made out in his name; he resided at St. Mary's, and seems to have been consulted on every matter of moment. It is probable that Copley is an alias for Fr. John Brock or Fr. Philip Fisher.

† Another letter from the same Father, May 9, 1642, says: "I write to you

joy in my heart, that I was enforced to use no small endeavor to keep it from breaking forth to others: for, I conceived immediately upon the reading thereof, that there was now hope of compassing my desires in helping to reduce such barbarous people to the knowing of one God, and the true faith of Christ. I have had these many years no small inclination towards such a mission; but not finding how to compass it, this little spark of zeal for souls was in a manner covered with the ashes of despair, which now begins again to show itself, and by reason of new fuel of hopes added, I find the fire of charity so to increase, that I can no longer hold from asking the favor, that I may be sent forthwith into those parts there to spend *et superimpendere meipsum* in reducing those souls so dear to Christ our Lord, and for his sake more dear to me than my very life; for, alas, how is it possible, but that I should burn with this fire, beholding with my interior eyes my dearest Saviour hanging upon the cross, and with as many mouths as he had wounds in his virginal body inviting me to this most Christian and truly Apostolical work? And, indeed, the confidence I have in His divine providence makes all apprehension of difficulties to vanish quite out of thought; and, although I might perchance have some false apparent reasons to dissuade me from this most holy enterprise, yet of much force I find this present motion, that I can admit of none. Wherefore I most earnestly beseech Yr. Rev., out of that affection you

another way, that so at least one might not fail you. My business was only to let you understand that never was my desire greater for the place you know, than at this present. The more I propose the occurring difficulties, the more I find my affections inflamed that way, and I hope the very ocean will not quench this fire. Dear Sir, let me know what hope there is of obtaining this great happiness. If you send none this year, I must entreat the favor in the interim you would let me be where I may employ the strength and health God hath lately given me, in helping the poor and traveling afoot in that great work." Father Cooper's name appears among the missionaries of Maryland in the Catalogue for 1645. All trace of him is lost after that date; in this year the Fathers were all carried off to Virginia, of which Rev. P. General writes in a letter dated 22 July, 1645: "De nostris abductis tanto cum incommodo et detrimento religionis, in navali illo, vehementer ut par est doleo," etc.

bear my soul's good, that you will value my health and life no more than I myself do value them, who shall be most ready to spend a thousand lives (if I had them) in so good a cause. I would have your Reverence to know that I care not to live, nor fear to die; death will free me from infinite miseries this world affords, and life is already so distasteful, by reason of my small increase of love towards Almighty God, that I esteem it more than a perpetual death to live any longer. O, how happy should I be either to die in this journey, or in the midst of so glorious a harvest! Verily, Father, I cannot but speak this with much feeling; and, so much the more, speaking it to one who, I doubt not, but understands me. But why do I mention death, who persuade myself that life and health will rather be increased than lessened by reason of this journey? For why may I not hope, that as for leaving a father and brother in the world to follow Christ, I have found a hundred as well-wishers in religion, so for hazarding (if I may so term it) my life and health for His love, I shall also find both health increased and life prolonged according unto those his most true words: *qui perdiderit animam suam propter me inveniet eam?* Moreover, my mean parts and small sufficiency will not, as I imagine, prove so beneficial to Europeans as to these barbarians, those of Europe requiring more learning than I for my part profess to have. Besides, this country of Maryland, taking its name from so great a patroness, as is the ever Immaculate Virgin, gives me no small assurance of doing something to her honor and glory, in whose help and assistance I trust next to God. I must, therefore, once more beseech your Reverence even for Christ's and His most Bl. Mother's sake, that you would approve of this my most humble request, and make me so happy as to be employed in this most meritorious mission.

R^ae^ V^ae^ humilis servus et filius in Christo,

17 July, 1640. JOANNES COOPERUS.

VI.—*Letter of Father Matthew Grimes.**

REVERENDE IN CHRISTO PATER,

PAX EJUSDEM.

Your letter was a forcible invitement unto me to undertake the happy labor of a mission into Maryland. Since, I have seriously thought of it, and commended the matter to God, and at length resolved to let your Reverence know what affection I conceive towards it. On the one side, my small abilities mixed with so many great imperfections do avert me far from aspiring to so high an enterprise; on the other, the charity of our dearest Saviour, and the confidence which I place in the spirit of our holy vocation, urge me forward to offer and dedicate myself with my best endeavors for the increasing of God's glory there, or in any other part of the world where superiors shall please to send me, hoping that Almighty God will impart unto me such means as will be requisite to perform whatever He shall call me unto. As for the journey, I esteem it a recreation; and for a journey at sea, I think it will confirm my health, for it is the only physic I have used these fifteen years. Thus with my best respects to your Reverence, I rest

R^ae^ V^ae^ obedientissimus in Christo servus,

Leodii, 6 Aug., 1640. MAT. GRYMES, S. J., fil. indignus.

* His true name was *Bazier*. At the age of twenty-four, he joined the English Province. Sent to the English mission, his quality of foreigner (for he was actually born at Rouen), enabled him for a time to exercise his priestly functions with comparatively greater freedom and confidence than the rest of his brethren, but at length he was thrown into a London jail, where he died "Fætore carceris extinctus," on the 11th of August, 1650, æt. 42. OLIVER.

VII.—*Letter of Father Lawrence Worsley.**

REVERENDE IN CHRISTO PATER,

PAX CHRISTI.

I had no sooner heard the relation of the happy success of our mission in Maryland, and the great hope of converting souls to their Lord and Creator, but I was surprised with no small joy and comfort; which, nevertheless, was but little, compared with that which I received when I read those sweet and no less comfortable lines with which your Reverence invited not any one in particular, but all in general, to employ their lives and labors in the undertaking of so glorious an enterprise, of converting souls to God by means of that mission. And to tell you the truth, my joy was so great, that no thought nor word for a long time could come from me which resounded not, "Maryland." The cause of my joy was the hopes I conceived of being so happy as to be one of those who would consecrate themselves to so noble an employment. *Nec vana spes est*, I hope: since I doubt not but it is the will of Almighty God, for having commended the matter unto Him for some days, I still found the same desire I had in the first hour. If your Reverence desireth to know yet further the joy which was caused in me by this happy news, I cannot express it better, than by saying that it hath been like an ocean able to drown all other sorrows and crosses which by reason of troublesome times might have had no small part in me. No cross ever struck so deep into me as when I saw many able men restrained from doing such things as were very suitable to their vocation; but now seeing such a plentiful harvest prepared for them, sorrows must of necessity give place to joy. I shall think mysef most happy if I might be thought fit to be one of those

* Born in Somersetshire, 1613; at the age of twenty joined the Society: was sent to the English mission in 1643: died in Yorkshire, May 29, 1675. OLIVER.

who are to reap God his elected corn. Your Reverence will find I have no doubt many both more able and industrious than I am, yet unless I am deceived, you will not find many of better will or health, two necessary things for the undertaking of hard enterprises. If I may seem to be destitute of weapons to fight against my enemies, the virtue of your Reverence his word, whom I acknowledge in the place of God, shall serve me as a two-edged sword, as well to fight against myself as others. I hope to be able to say with St. Paul: *Omnia possum in eo qui me confortat.* If it were put to my choice, I would rather make use of the present occasion than expect the uncertainty of another; for *post est occasio calva.* I cannot possibly think it too soon to give my life for the good of souls, for the furthering of God his greater honor, and greater advancement of my own perfection; all which your Reverence sufficiently demonstrated to be found at this present occasion. How many occurrences may there happen to cross my design if I defer to execute my good desires at this present: I may relent in fervor and zeal, death may prevent other your Reverence his designs, or my hopes. Wherefore, considering the uncertainty of that which is to come, and the certainty of the present, I do most earnestly beg of your Reverence even upon my knees, that you will be pleased to admit me to be one of those, who in this Jubilee year will give their lives and labors, to be spent in the mission of Maryland, in token of gratitude for the conservation of our Society these hundred years past. On condition you will accept of me, I will refuse to undergo no labor how hard soever it may be. Thus your Reverence sees my best desires; if you will make me happy even in this world, grant me what I desire, and so I will always remain your humble subject.

I would willingly demand your Reverence his counsel in one thing, and it is by what means I may get my portion of those corporal goods which by right are due unto me.

I would be willing to give all to the furthering of our mission. The surest way were to procure some friends to speak to my father. Peradventure, my stepmother, who is my Lord Montague his aunt, will be able to effect it. I leave all to your Reverence his disposing.

The 26th of July, 1640. LAURENCE WORSLY.

VIII.—*Letter of Father Christopher Morris.*

REVERENDE IN CHRISTO PATER,

PAX CHRISTI.

The ardent zeal and earnest desire of concurring to the conversion of those poor infidels of Maryland, which your Reverence in your exhorting letter doth sufficiently declare, stirreth up in me a confidence that no employment whatsoever is like to prove an obstacle to such as find in themselves a true desire of going to assist those needy souls so dearly bought, and so long neglected. Wherefore, after having heard your letter upon Saturday, and suppressing the flame then begun to be enkindled in my heart, omitted to write on Sunday, to the end I might take some days to deliberate in so weighty a matter. I find it rather to increase than any way to diminish, and now do beg as a favor that which heretofore I never was able even to think on, but with repugnance and horror.

The considerations that move me thereunto are these following. First and chiefly, the great want of succor which those poor souls as dear unto Christ our Lord, and redeemed with as great a price as the best in Europe, do stand in need of, and yet that they for so many years since Christ's suffering, seem to have been so neglected, and as it were forgotten, by the permission of God's secret and inscrutable providence, as if Christ had not suffered for them, but for the Europeans alone so far they have hitherto been from reaping the fruit of that *copiosa redemptio*, for lack of external helps which the Europeans have more than abundance.

Secondly, the facility which God of his goodness hath bestowed upon me in learning of what language soever, the want of which seemeth to have been the chief impediment to the charitable endeavors of such as are already settled there. To which may be added the knowledge of music, which may perchance be of special use in the beginning of that young primitive Church: things which here by reason of abundance are of no great use unto me, and may be there of special consequence.

Thirdly (but this is a motive of another strain, and a grace which I do acknowledge myself most unworthy of), the desire of martyrdom. For can the Catholic Church be firmly established in any country without persecutions and martyrdom? Will not the devil be as busy in raising oppositions against the Christian faith as well in Maryland, as in China, Japan, and other places? At least, if we miss of martyrdom, there cannot want great sufferances of labor and afflictions, which joined to a true desire of martyrdom on my part, I hope will be accepted of Almighty God as part of satisfaction for my manifold former sins.

Now, what is there besides my sins and imperfections that can hinder your designs and my desires? The course of Philosophy which I have in hand? Certainly, this cannot hinder anything: there being those who can supply in this, who perhaps have no calling to that. Fr. Courtney, when he hath done his Action there, or Fr. Worsley who hath my scholars already made to his hands, as being possessed with most of his principles; or any one else, whom your Reverence will be better able to determine, than I to suggest.

Again, on my part there can be no difficulty, which might arise out of human considerations, to whom it cannot but be glorious for Almighty God's sake and the help of souls, to have forsaken an employment of credit, at such a time as the chief labor was overcome and passed, and what remained was rather a glorious crown of my former pains,

than otherwise. And if any shall so interpret my desires as to account me rash, in neglecting what commodious and honorable employment, I might expect in our Province here and inconsiderately curious of novelty, rather than moved with a true desire of helping souls, I do contemn his judgment, and more highly esteem of the teaching of Christ's cross in all senses in Maryland, than of the most honorable chair either in Liege, or all Europe besides.

And as for other dangers and difficulties, either of the journey, or function which there may befall me, I am most ready to undergo all for the love of Christ, and hope by the assistance of his holy grace, never to sink under the burthen. Those dangers and difficulties I have perused as much as I was able in particular, and not only with a slight general and confuse thought. Whether I die by sea in my journey, or by land in Maryland, sure I am I shall have as good, yea more glorious a sepulchre than in Liege. The cause will ennoble the death. The inconveniences of diet, apparel and lodging will be made easy and supportable, by the frequent memory of my Saviour's vinegar and gall, nakedness, and hard bed of his cross. And I hope to feel this stomach that in honorable employment used sometimes to be squeamish, by the influence of the soul's hunger and thirst after souls, and a good toilsome day's work and labor of body to that effect, to become so hungry as to leap at a brown loaf. He little cared for the want of corporal goods, who said: *Meus cibus est facere voluntatem Patris.* If I can get no meat, I pray God I may starve in so good an employment, and I shall be happy. Temporal commodities I neither wish for, nor expect among those, I had almost called them barbarians, whom I hope shortly to see worthy members of Christ's mystical body.

I beseech Almighty God to give me grace ever to remain in the same readiness and fervor on my part, and to inspire your Reverence that which shall be most to His honor and glory. If your Reverence shall think fitting to honor me by making choice of me among others that shall offer them-

selves, I desire to be admonished soon, and to have leave for some books of music which shall not cost much, which may be found in these countries and not in England; as also to buy one Preacher, which I have a great liking unto. More other things I shall beg of your Reverence, or let alone, as you shall think most expedient. So expecting till your next letters, upon my knees, your Reverence's desired benediction, I rest

R^ae^ V^ae^ Servus et Filius indignus

From Liege, 27 July, 1640. CHRISTOPHORUS MAURITIUS.

The specimen letters printed above manifest the spirit which actuated the applicants for the mission, and show how generous was their response to the call for aid. Other letters, written on the same occasion, and breathing the same spirit of self-sacrificing zeal, have come down to us: they are from John Spencer, John Smithson, Francis Mathews, Thomas Atherton, Thos. Audœnus (Owens), T. Humphries, Thomas Mumford (a novice), Francis Maurice (a scholastic), James Morford, William Sadler, Richard Fulwood, Francis Line,—Gretson (?), Thomas Harrison and Thomas Caraus (probably Carey, a novice).

A fair beginning had been already made, and the most favorable impression had been produced on the neighboring tribes by the labors of Frs. White and Altham, and after the solemn baptism of the Piscataway chieftain with his wife, child and principal councillor, at which Governor Calvert, Secretary Lewger and other prominent men of the Colony assisted, the prospects were bright for a rapid diffusion of the faith, as many natives were disposed to follow the example of their chief, and zealous volunteers were not wanting, as these letters abundantly testify. Why then was so little accomplished?

Lord Baltimore in his "Declaration" invites his countrymen to go to his colony, not only to better their material interests, but also to spread the seeds of religion and piety —a work, he says, *dignum angelis, dignum Anglis;* and

immediately upon receipt of his grant from the crown, he had treated with Father Blount, at that time Provincial, and had written also to Father General, earnestly begging that he might select certain Fathers not only for the spiritual wants of the colonists, but also for propagating the faith among the infidels and savages. And yet the work of evangelizing the natives received its first check from the policy of this nobleman. Trouble arose in regard to the lands of Mattapany which the Fathers had received from their grateful neophytes. Lord Baltimore regarded this transaction as an infringement of his proprietary rights to the soil, and made vigorous reclamations to the Provincial. In his irritation, he drew up new conditions of plantation, to go into effect on the Feast of the Annunciation, 1642, to which all who offered themselves for the colony were obliged to subscribe. There is a draft of these conditions in MSS. "Anglia," vol. 4, Stonyhurst, No. 108, R., and to this is annexed an oath of allegiance. There is also a form of certificate of the English Provincial, to the effect that he had read the conditions and the oath, and could find nothing in them which would render the proposer or accepter of them amenable to any cause of excommunication *Bullæ Cœnæ*, or guilty of any sin. Meantime Mr. Lewger, Secretary of the colony for the Lord Proprietary, had proposed measures in the assembly which were judged by the Fathers of St. Mary's to be in opposition to canon law and ecclesiastical privilege. A letter from the Provincial to Cardinal ——, says that their firm resistance to these measures incensed Secretary Lewger, "who immediately reported to Baron Baltimore, that his jurisdiction was interrupted by the Fathers of the Society, whose doctrine was inconsistent with the government of the Province. Hence, the said Baron, being offended, became alienated in his mind from the Fathers, and at first seized all their lands and let them to others. Afterwards the said Baron began to turn his attention to the expulsion of the Fathers, and the introducing of others in their stead, who would be more pliable to

his Secretary. Therefore, he procured last year to petition the S. Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, in the name of the Catholics of Maryland, to grant to a prefect and priests of the secular clergy, faculties for the same mission, etc.

This state of affairs was not favorable for the introduction of new missionaries. Whilst in London the Lord Proprietary insisted * "that no Jesuit shall be sent to Maryland without the license of the said Lord Baltimore and his heirs being first obtained," the assembly convened at St. Mary's by Mr. Secretary Lewger † passed an act in which among other things objectionable was this clause; "nor shall any one depart from the Province, even to preach the Gospel to the infidels by authority of the See Apostolic, without a license of the lay magistrate."

Propositions had been made to Lord Baltimore relative to sending over two more priests to strengthen the Maryland mission. But, it seems that he was not perfectly satisfied, despite the concessions of the superiors in England, and the subjoined correspondence shows that the relations between him and the Fathers were not as harmonious as the success of the mission required.

I.—*Letter from William Peasely‡ to Mr. Gervis.*

SIR,

I have prevailed for the present employment of two of

* Agreement between Father Provincial and Lord Baltimore and his heirs. MSS. Anglia, No. 108.

† He was a personal friend of Lord Baltimore, and entrusted by him with many important offices in the young colony. He seems to have been a sincere Catholic, although the Provincial's letter charges him with the introduction of the legislative measures of which complaint is made. Zeal for his patron's interest carried him too far, and his early training had imbued him with false notions upon subjects which belonged solely to ecclesiastical jurisdiction. He had been an Anglican minister, and an intimate friend of Chillingworth; when the latter became a Catholic, Lewger undertook to draw him back to the Establishment, but the attempt resulted in his own conversion. Chillingworth subsequently abandoned the faith, and acquired some notoriety as an Anglican controversialist, but Lewger persevered, and after many years spent in Maryland, died in London during the great plague, 1665, a victim of charity.

‡ Brother-in-law to Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore. Letters I, II, IV, were addressed to some one in England acting for Father Knott, who was probably then residing at St. Omer. They are endorsed: Written to MR. GERVIS (Gervase).

Yours, as is desired; upon confidence and promise that he shall have satisfaction in his just and reasonable demands, and if it possibly may be before their departure; which was much pressed and importuned, for he sayth the best ship that goes now directly thither under the command of Ingle, the master, will be ready to set sail from Gravesend about a fortnight or three weeks hence at the furthest, so as by that time an answer may come from Mr. Knott to his demands. But that shall not hinder their departure. He designs to see and speak with the gentlemen, that he may judge of their disposition and fitness for such a work. I pray, therefore, let them be sent to him, as soon as may be, so I rest

Your humble and affectionate servant,

Ult. 7^{bris} At night. W. P.

II.—*Letter of William Peasely to Mr. Gervis.*

Sir,

After the departure of my man with the letter, I received this enclosed from my Lord Baltimore. By which it will appear that his mind is changed. I went to him nevertheless this morning, and debated the business with him as earnestly as I could. But I cannot prevayle with him. He is stiff in his resolution, saying that he will prepare his demands within these two days, which may be sent over by the next Post, and the answer transmitted hither before the going away of the ship, which will be a month hence. And he conceives there will be no such necessity of sending those two gentlemen thither by this first shipp, in case the answer cannot come to his colony by the departure of the first shipp, for he sayth there will go other ships after her thither. However, he is resolute, that none shall be sent, until he have satisfaction. This is the substance of all our discourse. I am sorry I have fayled in doing that good and service proposed, so I take my leave and rest

Your humble and affectionate servant,

Lincoln's Inn Fields. W. P.

1 Oct., 1642.

III.—*Letter of Lord Baltimore to Mr. William Peasely.*

Good Brother,

I pray send word to the party, that I cannot resolve upon what he desires concerning his friends going till I speak with him again, which shall be within a few days; for unless all matters are agreed and perfected before they goe, I cannot in prudence give way to his request. If diligence be used, I suppose this difficulty may be taken away, for there will be, I believe, above a month's time for it. Howsoever, it was not my fault that the business is thus streightened in time; nor that it hath beene so I wiss other yeares in the same manner so, I rest

Your most affectionate loving brother,

30 Sept., 1642. C. Baltimore.

IV.—*Letter of Ann Peasely to Mr. Gervis.*

Dear Sir,

I have been with my brother, but have bestowed my pains to no purpose, for in this business he is inexorable, until all conditions be agreed upon between you. The particulars are not worth relating, for both of us talked too much, since the effect of our discourse proved no more to my content. I am only satisfied in this, that what can, hath been done in this business, and for the success, I leave it to Him who I hope will turn all things to the best, I cannot possibly wait upon you myself, our time is so short and our business so much, but I am as ever

Your most affectionate friend and servant,

Oct. 5th, 1642. Ann Peasely.

A compromise must have been effected, as the catalogue for 1642 mentions the arrival of two additional priests. The annual letter of the same year speaks also of two other priests, not of the Society, sent over to oppose Ours. "But the reverse of what was expected happened; for our reasons being heard, and the thing itself being more clearly understood, they easily fell in with our opinion, and the laity in like manner generally."

But whatever may have been the hopes or projects of more extended labor, they were soon rudely dispelled and

thwarted; for, as the Parliamentary cause grew successful in England, persecution increased against the Catholics of Maryland. Claiborne, the evil genius of early colonial days, had been put down by force of arms and driven from Kent Island. He fled to England, and declaring for the Parliament, on his return to America, aided by Ingle and other Puritans, he was able in 1645 to excite an insurrection. Leonard Calvert was driven from his government, and the usurping faction sent all the Fathers prisoners to Virginia, whence they were transported to England. Father Fisher returned in 1648, but he was alone for some time. The famous Act of Toleration was passed next year, but it was quickly abrogated. Claiborne in 1652, acting, or pretending to act under commission of the Long Parliament, "was engaged in the holy work of rooting out the abominations of popery and prelacy in Maryland." * Catholics, in the colony they had planted, were denied the open exercise of their religion: penal enactments were multiplied; any intercourse of Catholic priests with the Indians would have been regarded with suspicion and speedily arrested. This state of affairs explains sufficiently why after the date of these letters, we hear no more of conversions among the Indians—the annual letters of the Province and the colonial records are alike silent on the subject. The only subsequent mention of English Catholic missionaries in connection with the natives is found in the plan formed by Governor Dongan of New York to substitute English Jesuits for French among the Six Nations. But the reign of James II. was too short for Dongan to carry out his project, and there is no proof that the three members of the English Province, whom he called to his aid, ever penetrated to the Mohawks and their allies.

* Burke, History of Virginia, vol. II. 113.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN MONTANA.

BY FATHER L. B. PALLADINO.

The year of Our Lord 1840 will always be a memorable one in the history of the Catholic Church in Montana. A young priest of remarkable energy and undaunted courage, Father Peter J. De Smet, S. J., whose name is now famous throughout all lands, planted in that year the standard of the Cross in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, and thus became the pioneer of Christianity and civilization in what is now one of the most promising Territories of the West. What first directed the steps of that youthful but intrepid missioner to the wilds of the Rocky Mountains sounds almost like a romance, and will ever be one of the most interesting incidents in the early history of this country. But it is impossible in a brief historical sketch like this to enter into any lengthy details, the object of this paper being simply to present a hasty, yet accurate, account, a mere outline, of the past and of the present history of the Catholic Church and of its missions in Montana.

That some of the Indian tribes west of the Rocky Mountains had at an early date some vague knowledge of Christianity no longer seems to admit of any doubt. How that ray of light, faint and dim, broke first on the minds of those untutored children of the forest is not known. Contact, however, with the fur traders of the North and West, as also intercourse with other tribes in their annual hunts east of the Rocky Mountains, may sufficiently account for it. However this may be, it is certain that the Flatheads, inhabiting the Bitter Root valley and the adjacent country, had acquired, as this narrative will show, long before the missioners arrived among them, a somewhat clearer and more distinct knowledge of the faith. This was imparted

to them by some Christian Iroquois who had wandered to their land and whom the Flathead nation had adopted in the tribe.

In the fall of 1839 there arrived in St. Louis a deputation of Indians who had come all the way through, from the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of some three thousand miles. They were Flatheads. This famous nation between the years 1830 and 1839 sent out three successive expeditions in search of a "Black-robe." Of the braves sent forth on the first and second expeditions, some, falling in with hostile tribes, were killed; others perished on their arduous journey, of sickness, hunger and hardships, and only one or two survived to carry home to their tribe the sad tale of death and disappointment.

Undaunted by former failures and disasters, a third deputation set out from the Bitter Root valley in the spring of 1839 and safely reached, as said above, St. Louis in the fall of the same year. On hearing the object of their mission Monsignor Rosati, then Bishop of St. Louis, referred the brave fellows to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, to whom the Bishops of the United States, assembled in the council of Baltimore in 1835, had consigned the Indian missions of the country.

Young Father P. J. De Smet, was the one appointed to meet the wishes and earnest prayers of those good people. He left St. Louis in the spring of 1840, and in July, after a long and tedious journey, arrived among the Flathead tribe, who were then camped somewhere near the Three Forks on the Missouri. His mission began the day of his arrival, and there never was a more docile people. After two months of constant missionary labor Father De Smet returned to St. Louis, but not before he had given to his newly begotten children of the mountains a solemn promise to return in the following spring with other Black-robes to establish permanently the mission of which he had now laid the foundation. The little mustard seed was now planted, and was soon developed into a good sized and healthy tree.

According to promise, in the spring of 1841, Father De Smet made his reappearance, accompanied by two youthful missioners, as intrepid as himself, N. Point and G. Mengarini, with some lay-brothers. He entered the Bitter Root valley, and there, close to where Stevensville now stands, established under the name of St. Mary the first Catholic Indian Mission in what is now the Territory of Montana. The news soon spread among the neighboring tribes that Black-robes had come into the land, and the missionaries wrote as early as the month of October of the same year that one single day had brought to their instructions the representatives of as many as twenty-four different tribes. The demand was evidently greater than the supply, and the laborers in the field needed considerable help to gather in the abundant harvest lying ripe before them. This help came to them by instalments, so to speak, in the successive years, in the persons of Fathers A. Hoecken, A. Ravalli, L. Vercruisse, Accolti, Joset, Zerbinati, Nobili, De Vos, Menetrey, Gazzoli and Congiato, and Brothers Joseph, Classens, Francis and Magri. Later on Fathers Giorda, Imoda, Caruana, Grassi, D'Aste, Kuppens, Van Gorp, Cataldo and others came successively to swell the ranks of those who had already borne for a good while "the burden of the day and the heats."

Of all these pioneers a number have gone to receive the reward of their labors. The others are still working away in the vineyard of the Lord with undiminished courage, but greatly reduced in bodily strength by age, toil, hardships and ill-usage, some in our midst, some in other fields of labor.

Among those who came earliest to the Rocky Mountains is Rev. A. Ravalli, an Italian by birth, whose name is a household word with every Montanian, at once a zealous missioner and a perfect mechanic, a learned theologian and a skilful physician, a true Samaritan of the Rocky Mountains, where for thirty-eight years he has been easing the ills of life and

doing good to every body; a true, genuine type of those sly, cunning and hated Jesuits who disturb the quiet slumbers of Messieurs Bismarck, Grevy and Co., not excluding the worthy Secretary of our Navy, Hon. Geo. W. Thompson.

Rev. J. Menetrey, a native of Switzerland, well known throughout Montana and the adjacent Territories, the founder of several missions and a favorite with all classes of people, whites or Indians, and whose cheering smile and pleasant words have buoyed up many a heart, and Brothers Joseph and Classens, the former a German, the latter from Belgium, both perfect Jacks-of-all-trades, and whose manual services in the cause of the missions have been manifold, persevering and invaluable, are the only ones that remain on the missions in Montana.

But to return to the Flatheads. They all to a man entered the church, and have been ever since sincere and pious Christians. They are still a fine nation in Montana, and by becoming Catholics have not lost their bravery of former days. Their firm and noble conduct in the late invasion of the marauding Nez Percés, in the opinion of the settlers themselves, saved the Bitter Root valley from pillage and bloodshed. Governor Stevens, in his official report of 1855 to the President of the United States, to which the President himself referred in his annual message to Congress, speaking of the Flatheads, says: "They are the best Indians of the Territory—honest, brave and docile." And again, in describing their manner of living, the same authority adds that "they are sincere and faithful, and strongly attached to their religious convictions." These words are as true to-day as they were twenty-five years ago. The Flatheads now number three hundred and ninety-eight.

But let us pass on to St. Ignatius, the second Catholic Indian Mission founded in Montana. It was established by Frs. A. Hoecken and J. Menetrey, in 1854, in what is now the Jocko Reservation, one of the prettiest spots in our Territory. This was the country of the Upper Kalispels,

but abounding in fish and game and the other comforts of Indian life, roots and berries, and offering superior advantages for the grazing of their ponies, was, winter and summer, the favorite resort of other tribes. Here the Fathers built the Mission, which has since grown to be the largest in the country. Kalispels, Pend d'Oreilles and Kootonais have all since entered without, perhaps, a single exception the Lord's fold. They are good Christians and the largest portion of them greatly advanced in civilization, as is plainly shown by the U. S. Agents in their official reports to the Government. Their Christian virtue, as well as their friendliness towards the white people, were likewise put to a severe test, as in the case of the Flatheads when the Nez Percés, stained with blood, rich with plunder and breathing vengeance against the whites, were passing through Montana. Runners came, and tempting offers were made as well as savage threats. But all to no purpose. In the history of ceaseless Indian wars never was, to my knowledge, nor ever likely will be, the instance of one being brought about by Indians trained by the Catholic Church.

While the writer of this sketch was staying at St. Ignatius an old Indian, by name Quiquiltzo, a man intensely pious and who would give you the distance between two places by the number of Rosaries he was in the habit of saying in going from one to the other, was fishing one day at Flathead Lake, when, of a sudden, he saw something that seemed, as he said, to take with his breath his very soul away from him. He dropped his line and away he started for the Mission. On entering the room he said abruptly to the writer: "I saw 'Sinze Chitass.'" This was the Indian name of good Brother Vincent Magri, a favorite with the Indians at St. Ignatius, where he had lived a number of years, but who was then stationed among the Cœur d'Alene Indians in Idaho Territory. "I saw him," continued the Indian, raising his eyes and pointing with his hand to the sky, "riding in a most beautiful thing." The only descrip-

tion he could give was that it resembled a chariot, but exceedingly beautiful, and that he had never seen any thing like it. Several days after we received letters with the news of the demise of the Brother, which had occurred some four hundred miles away from St. Ignatius. By comparing dates we were forced to the conclusion that the good Indian had known more than any of us and had his news brought him by some other faster than Uncle Sam's mail. To every appearance the Master of the Vineyard had been repaying his faithful servant's many and toilsome tramps through these mountains by giving good Brother Magri a glorious chariot ride through the skies.

There are at St. Ignatius two flourishing schools for Indian children, one for boys conducted by the Fathers, the other for girls under the charge of the Sisters of Providence, from Montreal. Those good and noble Sisters have been at the mission since 1864. They came all the way from Walla Walla on horseback across the rugged Cœur d'Alene Mountains camping out like the sturdy pioneer in search of gold, and they have been hard at work ever since improving the condition of the daughters of the forest. They train the hands not less than the heads of their Indian pupils, adding to the branches of a plain English education, practical gardening, varied manual labor and all kinds of household industries. And while some of their pupils are skilful in all the mysteries of the needle and can handle a hoe or even an axe with dexterity, they can also write a letter that is a model of spelling, penmanship and accuracy. I do not know how many of our girls could do the same. But, then, we train our daughters' feet.

Astonishing as it may seem, here at St. Ignatius, by the mission press, has been issued a large octavo of seven hundred pages. It is a complete Indian-English Dictionary of the wonderful Kalispel language, which is spoken by the Flatheads and some fourteen other tribes west of the Rocky Mountains. Its get-up, if not perfect, is certainly very

creditable considering that it is the work of Indian missionaries, published in an Indian country, and to a great extent by Indian help and Indian labor. The work was commenced some thirty-nine years ago by Fr. G. Mengarini, a thorough Indian scholar and author of a grammar of the same language published years ago by the Smithsonian Institute, and was brought to completion by Rev. J. Giorda through heroic perseverance and truly herculean labor. The Dictionary was published exclusively for the use of the missionaries, with the exception of some fifty copies reserved for the larger libraries of Europe and America that may wish to possess themselves of a book so rare and curious and so interesting to linguists.

Here also may be mentioned "Narratives from the Scripture," another work in Kalispel, published at St. Ignatius in 1876, containing the Gospels for every Sunday in the year, as also narratives from the Old Testament. Though much smaller in bulk and size, yet in point of Indian scholarship it is no less than the Dictionary a remarkable production. But to bring this paragraph to a close, the Mission of St. Ignatius with its large and handsome church, the schools and all kinds of substantial improvements to be seen everywhere around, is to-day a monument of the success that has attended the self-sacrificing efforts of the missionaries to improve, spiritually and temporally, the children of the mountains.

Passing on, the third on the list is St. Peter's Mission which was established by Fr. A. Hoecken in 1859, though Fr. N. Point may be said to have laid its foundation as early as 1846. It was established for the object of bringing under the saving and civilizing influences of Christianity the Blackfeet and other Indian tribes roaming in the northern part of Montana. If the object intended has been, as yet, but partially accomplished it is no fault of the missionaries, but owing to the peculiar and, humanly speaking, insuperable difficulties that encompassed that mission on every side and

thwarted the efforts and self-sacrificing devotedness of the Fathers. But happily the present appears more cheering. A noticeable change for the better seems to be taking place of late in all those polygamous tribes of the North, and the heart of the missionary leaps with joy at the thought that it is the harbinger, perhaps, of their redemption. The fact seems the more remarkable as this change was sudden and little expected. What is to account for it? One event that occurred less than two years ago, in the Milk River country, a few miles from Fort Belknap, perhaps furnishes the answer. Here on the 7th of February, 1878, died a saintly priest, Philip Rappagliosi, S. J., the apostle of the Blackfeet, and his death, though natural, was as mysterious, to all appearances, as it was untimely. In his tomb, likely, one day will be found the key to explain the new era now, seemingly, about to dawn upon those Indians. This zealous missionary had vowed himself to their salvation ; and aware, as it seems he was, that perhaps it would not be obtained but through the sacrifice of some one's life, he bravely surrendered his own and died an unknown, yet a voluntary, martyr for the cause. The noticeable change alluded to, and which, from late accounts, seems to increase the brighter hopes of St. Peter's Mission, dates from the very moment that the saintly soul of Philip Rappagliosi passed to a better life. If this be so, the conversion of the Blackfeet Indians to Christianity will be, at no distant day, a matter of history no less than the conversion to the faith of those who have been thus far the subject of our sketch.

We now part with the Indians and give a brief account of the Catholic Church among the whites in Montana. A few facts, dates and figures will be enough to complete this second part of our task.

The history of the Catholic Church among the white population in Montana covers a period of only sixteen years. The reason is plain and obvious. Until the year 1863 there existed as yet no settlement of white people in this Terri-

tory. Within this period churches or chapels were established at Hell-Gate, Virginia, Frenchtown, Helena, Deer Lodge, Missoula, Butte, Missouri Valley and Benton. At Hell-Gate, the first on the list, was established the first Catholic church for the whites in Montana —of course to prevent the people there from passing beyond to the bad place. Father U. Grassi built the church in 1863. It has since been removed to Missoula. Father Giorda in the same year, 1863, searching for souls and not for gold, as the miners well remember, twice visited Alder Gulch, now Virginia, where he heard many confessions and baptized a number of children. Rev. Raverdy, a secular priest from Denver, Colorado, and after him Father Kuppens visited the same place the following year, 1864. Father Giorda was there again in the winter of 1865 and remained till the spring of the following year, being succeeded by Fathers Vanzina, Van Gorp and d'Aste, who later on came to remain permanently. A frame building was turned into a church, and the mission of Virginia, under the title of "All Saints," established. It is now under the charge of Rev. F. Kelleher, who, since the fall of 1873, with zeal and devotedness has watched over the little flock of two hundred and seventy-five Catholic souls committed to his care.

Frenchtown had the little church built in 1864. I have at hand no late report of the Catholic population of that thriving little place, but including all the Frenchtown district, with its mines, it cannot fall short of three hundred and fifty souls.

Next in turn comes Helena, the capital of our Territory. The Catholic Church here dates from 1865. The old frame church, built by the Hon. J. M. Sweeney, was opened and dedicated under the style of the "Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary," on the feast of All Saints, in 1866, by Father Kuppens, who is remembered throughout Montana as one who knew as well how to manage wild bronchos as old and rusty sinners. Father Kuppens was replaced by Fathers L.

Van Gorp and d'Aste, while Father Grassi spent in Helena the winter of 1867–8. To accommodate the increasing Catholic population a larger church of brick and stone was begun in 1874 and completed in 1876. The structure is an ornament to Helena and a standing monument of the liberality of her people. Attached to this church are the four counties of Lewis and Clarke, Meagher, Jefferson and Gallatin, containing a Catholic population of about one thousand five hundred souls. Besides the above in 1876 St. Joseph's church was built in the Missouri valley and two more are in contemplation, one at Bozeman and the other in Boulder valley. In the spring of 1877 the first episcopal visitation to Montana was made by Right Reverend Bishop J. O'Connor, Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska, to whose jurisdiction the eastern portion of our Territory belongs. In this visit he confirmed over two hundred persons, children and adults. The impression made on His Grace was most favorable and lasting. In a letter addressed to the Rev. Pastor of Helena, March 31, 1879, the Right Rev. Bishop, referring to the people of Montana writes: "It may be that I saw only the bright side of their characters, but certain it is I never met a people with whom I was better pleased." With such flattering words from our Bishop, we may well cross the Range once more and say a few words of the good people of Deer Lodge. In this portion of the Lord's Vineyard Rev. R. DeRyckere has been a devoted and faithful laborer since 1866. He built two churches, one a handsome stone building at Deer Lodge, the other a frame lined with brick at Butte. The principal centres of the Catholic population in the county, besides Deer Lodge and Butte, are Philipsburg, Beartown, Flint Creek and Nevada Creek valleys. Having obtained no late returns we can give no accurate statement of the Catholic population of this county, but it is likely somewhat greater than that of Helena district. During the summer of the past year Deer Lodge and all the other settlements of Western Montana were visited by Most Rev. C. Seghers, the Coadjutor of the Most

Rev. Archbishop of Portland, to whose spiritual administration this portion of the Territory belongs. The Most Rev. Arcbbishop was as favorably impressed with Montana as Bishop O'Connor had been two years before.

From Deer Lodge, still going west, we reach Missoula county which, including those given above to Frenchtown, contains a Catholic population of nearly six hundred whites and one thousand five hundred Indians.

North we reach Benton, the head of navigation, a place of great promise in the future. It has a new church ready for use but not quite completed. Benton thus far has been attended from St. Peter's Mission. Late accounts received from Father S. C. Imoda, who has been in charge of that mission for a number of years, inform us the Catholics of that whole district number one thousand and fifty whites and two thousand one hundred and fifty Indians.

A word more about our Catholic institutions, of which St. Vincent's Academy for young ladies deserves the foremost rank. It is conducted by the Sisters of Charity from Leavenworth, Kansas. It was opened in 1868 for boarders and for day scholars. This institution has earned a well deserved reputation, and praise enough cannot be bestowed on those who conduct it with so much skill, thoroughness and self-sacrificing devotedness. Our "County Fathers" seem to believe that these devoted Sisters are working for money and tax them accordingly. St. Vincent's Academy is in a flourishing condition. There is also in Helena a select school for boys under the charge of the same Sisterhood. But it is the earnest wish and prayer of the writer that in the near future there may be a college for our boys to supply a much-felt deficiency.

In Missoula the Sisters of Providence conduct a boarding and day school for young ladies, which is likewise well attended and flourishing.

Moral and efficient schools are a great boon for our young generation, but the Hospitals conducted by the Sisters of

Charity, are the greatest blessing for suffering humanity. Of these there are four in Montana, viz: St. John's in Helena, St. Patrick's in Missoula, St. Joseph's in Deer Lodge, and the Hospital at Virginia. Private patients as well as the sick and poor of the county are cared for in these institutions.

The life of the miner is a hard one; it is harder still if instead of success his labor meets with disappointment, but when, after a life of toil and disappointments, he lies disabled by accident or sickness in his bunk of suffering, away from home, without the soothing care of a loving mother or a dear sister, the miner's lot is then the very hardest. Nothing bespeaks the humane and philanthropic feelings of the people of Montana better than the fact that their sick and poor are confided to the kind and tender mercy of the Sisters of Charity.

Many a sturdy miner have we seen shedding tears of joy in beholding himself the object of more than a mother's care in these abodes of cleanliness, peace, attention and sympathy.

We conclude by quoting once more His Grace, Bishop O'Connor. We spoke of the past and present history of the Catholic Church in Montana. His Grace gives us a glimpse of what her future history will be: "You and I may not live to see it, but the day is not distant when Montana will become one of the most fruitful and flourishing as well as the most beautiful portions of God's Vineyard, and this will be owing in very great measure to the labors and the virtues of those who have already borne there 'the burden of the day and the heats.' "

BRAZIL.

(*Extract of a Letter from Fr. R. M. Galanti.*)

PARA, Feb. 14, 1880.

In September, 1877, the Bishop of Pará asked to have the assistance of some Fathers in the management of his Seminary, for which he had just obtained from Rome the privilege of conferring University degrees. Father Aureli was the first to be chosen, and to him after a few months were joined Father Tuveri and your humble servant. We both reached Pará in the beginning of June, 1878, and found the Bishop just about to start for his pastoral visitation to the Upper Amazon. Having nothing to do in the Seminary for the time being, we accompanied his Lordship, and went to Manaos, the capital of the Province of Amazonas; from this place, we proceeded to visit the river Madeira, going as far as the frontier of Bolivia. There, I understood why Divine Providence had guided me to this place; for we found in this remote district some eight or nine hundred Americans from Philadelphia, who were engaged in building a railway to avoid the falls and rapids of the River Madeira-Mamoré, with the ulterior object of promoting the establishment of steamboat navigation on the River Mamoré in Bolivia.

They were for the most part Catholics; but they had no priest, and many of them were sick, and some dying. It was a great consolation for these poor Americans to see me, as I was the only one of the company who could speak English; and I hope that I sent to heaven some of them who died in a few days. I was allowed to stay among them for only three days, but in that short time, I heard some two hundred confessions, gave Holy Communion to the sick,

and preached two or three times. They were very sorry at my departure, and begged me to visit them again as soon as possible. But this could not be done; because it is a month's trip by steamer from Pará to that desert spot, and it costs a hundred dollars each way. This will give you some idea of the vast extent of this diocese.

It happened afterwards that this rail-road enterprise was a complete failure, the contractor, Thos. Collins of Philadelphia, not having the funds to carry on the work. And all these poor fellows were left without a cent in a strange country, and obliged to make their way home as best they could. They all passed through Pará on their way back to the United States, and nearly all of them came to see me, and again made their confession. Many of them remained sick and broken down in the hospital, where several of them died. I visited them frequently, and gave them all the assistance in my power, and I had the consolation of converting two Protestants, who died in the same hospital, and whom I trust to see again in heaven. Among these poor men, were some who had been brought up by our Fathers, of whom they spoke with great respect and affection.

But let us return to our own history. We accompanied the Bishop in his visitation, and besides hearing a great many confessions, we preached a retreat to the clergy. On our return to Pará, I was temporarily appointed to teach Rhetoric in the Seminary, and meantime preached frequently in the city; this was for 1878.

For last year, 1879, Father Aureli had charge of the second year of Philosophy together with Mathematics; Fr. Tuveri taught Canon Law; whilst I gave instructions in the first year of Philosophy, and lectured on Ecclesiastical History for the Theologians. Father Aureli is also spiritual director of this Seminary, and I hold the same office for the Little Seminary. Both of us preached, heard confessions, gave instructions in catechism, conducted retreats, etc. We celebrated the Festival of St. Aloysius in a becoming manner, having just received a statue of the saint

from Germany. To honor our Holy Father Ignatius, we did something, but this sweet name is not heard with pleasure in this country, where owing to the infernal craft of the infamous Pombal, "Jesuit" and "rascal" are still synonymous terms. Thanks to God, during the last year, I heard some five thousand confessions, and the greater number of them were general. Besides this work of the ministry, I gave two retreats, four missions, and preached about fifty occasional sermons. My companions did *approximative* as much again, so that we can say without pride, that our labors have not been without fruit A. M. D. G.

Last year the Bishop offered us the direction of both, or, at least, of one of his Seminaries. Our Superiors, however, having taken all things into account, thought it better to decline the offer; for the future, *Deus providebit.* We wish to open a small residence, but there are many and great difficulties in the way.

RAPHAEL M. GALANTI, S. J.

SKETCH OF THE NEZ PERCÉS INDIANS.

(*Continued.*)

Once when the missionary was preparing about twenty Indians for Baptism, an old chief became the object of the attention and solicitude of those whose souls were going to be washed in the waters of salvation. For some time he had been going to church, but more with the intention of hearing his little daughter sing, than of pleasing Almighty God. He had two wives, for polygamy was very common, and was not disposed to renounce either of them. Several consultations were held, but to no purpose. The missionary told them, that the only way of gaining the old man, was to pray fervently for him and to give him good example. "If you pray hard," said the missionary, "he will come

over slowly." "Slowly," said an old man, "why! You have been pushing us to Baptism so much, telling us that no one can be saved without it, and now you say: 'Slowly.' What will become of him, if he dies without Baptism? No! there is no slow way now. We want him to be baptized with us in a few days, and we too will speak to him." "My friend," said the missionary, "for you the time has come. You have been waiting too long already, and I am afraid, that you talk this way, because you wish to wait longer. For you, the time has come, and you must be baptized now, but for our old friend the time has not come as yet. Do not trouble yourself about him. You know very well, that, as he said a little while ago, he can not put away either of his wives, because he loves both alike, and both love him. Thus his time is not at hand. I will speak to him again and again, but do not think that he must be baptized with you; prepare yourselves, and in the meantime pray for the old man."

Some time later, the missionary had a sick-call, but not liking to go alone, he asked Uyaskasit (this is the name of the old chief) to accompany him; and he accepted the invitation. On the way the missionary began to talk about the absolute necessity of Baptism, and of the sacrifices one must be ready to make, to obtain such a blessing. He spoke forcibly and clearly, but in a general way, not daring for the moment to speak directly to the old man, whom he thought very far from conversion, especially, as it is hard for the Nez Percés to do good, but easy to commit evil. The moment of silence after the instruction on Baptism was suddenly broken by Uyaskasit, asking: "When will those Indians be baptized?" "In a few days," was the answer. "And what shall I myself do then?" "Why, you must wait until you make up your mind." "I too wish to be baptized, for I am afraid of dying without being baptized." "That is very good, but are you disposed to put away one of your wives?" "Well, no indeed, but I surely thought, you Black-gown would have pity on me." "But, good

friend, you can not be baptized so long as you have two wives; it would make you worse than you are now." "No, I do not say so; I must have only one wife, but as I am not able to send away either of them, I thought, you would have pity on me, and that you yourself would send away one of them." "We are talking seriously about a very important and sacred thing, and you are joking now." "Black-gown, I am very serious, but my heart cannot endure the cruel act of sending away a loving wife. Still, it is a duty, and who can perform such a duty better than you, who are a Black-gown, and who have, therefore, a strong heart. I beg you to tell me which wife has to be sent away. I will agree to it. But I want you to tell this woman that she has to be sent away, and that it is neither my wish nor choice, but a duty which must be performed. I wish you to settle the whole affair, and to take all the responsibilities upon yourself. I want my children near me, but the wife cannot be near me, for the people will talk too much. You know the Indians." "Uyaskasit," said the missionary, "if you are serious, all the difficulties are nothing. To-night we will call the chiefs together, and decide how the whole business can be arranged. I will take the responsibility upon myself." "I am determined," said the chief, "but you must help me." "I will help you, and your name shall be Abraham, and God will give you a strong heart, as he gave to Abraham of old."—Then he related to him how Abraham was ready to sacrifice even his own son for God's sake. After their return from the sick-call they had another long talk.

At length when evening came, the chiefs were called together, and it was decided, that the younger wife with her little son should leave the chief's house, and have a lodge in the same village, but at a certain distance from Uyaskasit's. There were at first some difficulties against this decision, but finally all agreed. The chiefs then sent for the wife, but she would not come, saying that she knew that she was going to be condemned without any fault. The missionary then told one of the chiefs to go and tell her,

that the Black-gown wished to see her and to have a talk with her. She gave no answer, but finally after long resistance she came. The missionary tried his best to persuade her, that it was indeed the fault of nobody, but a duty to be performed. But the woman became angry, and answered almost insultingly, finishing with these words: "Yes, you put me away, but to-morrow I will take my child, and go to my own country, far from the church, and if my child and myself are lost, it is your own fault." At these words, the missionary fearing that Uyaskasit would break his promise through affection for his son whom he ardently loved, addressed the man, telling him to call to mind his new name Abraham, and all that Abraham did to please God. Then the old man, whom the grace of God had not only converted, but made wonderfully strong, made a speech in which he related the sacrifice of Abraham, and declared that he would follow him. He himself and some of the bystanders began to weep, and taking advantage of the great emotion around him, he addressed his wife, telling her to look at the tears that dropped down from the eyes of those present, and also from those of the Black-gown, the messenger of God, and not to afflict any longer so many friends with her hardness and obstinacy. As for himself, his resolution was taken. He begged her to be reconciled, to become a Christian, to have the child baptized and to remain in the village. If not, he would become a Christian any how, though he should die of grief. At the close of this warm address no one could speak, so great was the emotion, and a long silence followed.

Finally, the missionary broke the silence, and addressed the woman, telling her, that if she loved her husband, she should sacrifice her affections for his sake, and as he was ready to become another Abraham, so she should imitate him, or rather the Blessed Virgin Mary, who sacrificed her most tender and holy affection for our sake. As soon as the missionary stopped speaking, the woman taking her little boy in her arms, got up and advanced towards the

door. Then, all believing that she was going out, there was a great whispering and excitement; she did not go out, however, but walking straight up to the missionary, she said whilst crying: "I will not oppose my husband's wishes and God's will any longer; here is my child (and she raised the child, a boy about four years old). I will bring him to you, and you will baptize both of us together." Her tears prevented her from saying more. The ensuing scene, and the feelings of all present are more easily imagined than described. In a few days they were baptized all together.

In the same year, the missionary arriving at Lewiston from Cœur d'Alène, was called to an Indian camp, twelve miles off, for a sick woman, who wished to become a Catholic. He went there, and as there was no immediate danger, he told the chief that he would remain for one day, so as to instruct the woman for Baptism. Meantime a little girl about ten years old together with some old women made application for Baptism. But the Father told them, that they could not be baptized, unless they were well instructed, and that therefore he would on some other occasion teach and baptize them. The chief, who was one of the few Presbyterians who had been baptized, told the Father, that the little girl knew all the Catholic prayers, that the old women and many of his Indians recited those prayers every day, the little girl being the leader and teacher, and that he himself, though a Protestant minister, would like to become a Catholic, if ever he would be able to learn the prayers. After inquiries and examinations, the missionary found out that the little girl was indeed very well instructed in our holy religion, and that she was the teacher and leader of that whole Indian camp. Several times she went to hear the Catholics pray, and thus without a teacher she learned a great deal, and became the young apostle of her people. Knowing that the Father had determined to remain there for several days, to instruct some old men and women, of whom he finally baptized about a dozen, little Julia, was

beside herself for joy. She tried to induce some more of her people to receive Baptism, especially her father and mother who had to promise her that they would be baptized on the next occasion. This happened in June, 1872. In October of the same year, Julia's parents with some of her relations were baptized, and she seemed to be another St. Agnes, always talking about God and heaven. In December, 1872, when nearly all her people were Catholics, not excepting the old chief who had been a Protestant preacher, —she went to heaven. All the Catholic Nez Percés and also many of the non-Catholics were very much grieved at her death, because it was indeed a great loss for all of them. The missionary himself, when he heard the sad news, said, that no death had ever affected him so much as Julia's.

Another time, when a young man was dying like a reprobate, some of his distant relations, who were Catholics, having heard that the Father was at Lewiston, sent him word of his dangerous state. The missionary despatched a good young Indian, a kind of catechist, to the dying man, telling him to remain with him the whole of the night, and to do all in his power to convert the poor sinner, and that he himself would come to pay him a visit the next morning. At day-break the catechist returned, saying that there was no hope of converting the sick young man, as he wanted to die an infidel, and did not like to see the missionary. The Father said Mass for him, and told the Indians who were present to pray fervently, and to accompany him on his way to the sick man after Mass. When they were crossing the river, another Indian met them saying : "Black-gown, you can spare yourself the trouble ; the dying man said, that he does not wish to see you, nor to hear any prayers." "When did he say so?" "Sometime this morning." "Oh, well!" said the missionary, "Mass has been said and prayers have been offered up for him ; let us go on : God is all-powerful." They had not reached the shore, when another Indian coming in a great hurry towards them, cried out in

a loud voice: "Black-gown, hurry up; the dying man says, he wants to see you, and I started immediately to bring you here." "See, my friend, what Mass and prayer can do," said the missionary to the Indian; "now, be always of great faith." Shortly after, the dying man was instructed, baptized and called Louis; the next day he received Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. The day after, all his little brothers were baptized, and after a few days he died like an angel, 20th of May, 1873. All his family and many of his relatives were instructed and after a few months, when the Father visited them again, all were baptized.

In the mean time, the persecution against the Catholic Nez Percés had been going on very regularly. It was so evident to the public, that finally the Indian Department at Washington, was obliged, out of shame, to grant permission to the Catholic authorities to build a church and pastoral residence at their own expense in the Nez Percé Reservation. There was indeed a little Catholic chapel in the Reservation, built in January, 1869, before the persecution began, but it was too poor, too small, and badly situated. The Catholics needed a church very much, and had now permission from the government to build one; but of what avail was that permission, without help and means to build it? The Indians were told: "If you want a church, build it." But they were unable to put up a church, though willing to help according to their means. God opened a way in a manner altogether extraordinary. One day that the missionary from the Cœur d'Alène mission, was in Lewiston, some American gentlemen seeing so many Indians crowding the little town church, proposed to him to build the Indian church in the reservation, by subscription of both whites and Indians. But the missionary only laughed at the idea, as would have done any man well acquainted with the disposition of the whites towards the Indians.—"No, Father," said the gentleman, "there is no need of laughing; we do not exactly mean to help the Indians, but you indi-

vidually who are the only man who has ever done any good amongst the Indians.—It is only the Catholic priest who can do good with the Indians. So get up a subscription, and we will all sign it." The Father begged him to get it up himself in town, and if successful, he would circulate it among the Indians then in the county, and in the mines.

The next Sunday, the gentleman went to the missionary with a list of subscribers who, though few in number, had already subscribed more than $300. The Father now sure of success, had the Catholic Indians to subscribe first, and then went around in the country where not only Protestants and Infidels subscribed very liberally, but even the Chinamen, which was a real wonder. The next wonder was, that the Catholic Indians of the Nez Percé Reservation had on the 8th of September, 1874, in their own country, a nice little frame church, 25x50 ft., so well furnished inside and outside, that it was considered, at that time, to be the best building in the whole northern part of Idaho Territory. The church was blessed on the 1st of November, 1874. Mass was said in it only once in a great while; but many of the Indians went there very often to say their prayers in common.

Chief David Billy Hahaztushl several times made the following remark before the Indians and the missionary: "Even without a Black-gown, this church is a nice building, and with it alone I feel myself a Catholic." Yet, notwithstanding this boast, they knew too well that Indian neophytes want a resident priest or they will easily go back to their old infidel practices and superstitions; and, therefore, since their first conversions, they kept asking for a priest. Besides their petitions to no purpose made to the government to have a church and a school of their own, together with means to support those institutions, they made other petitions to the proper Catholic Authorities to get a Black-gown resident in their territory. In May, 1872, they petitioned the Superior General of the Rocky Mountain Mis-

sion, Rev. Fr. J. Giorda, S. J., for a resident priest Afterwards, they sent a deputation to wait on Rev. Fr. Razzini, Visitor General of the Mission, for the same purpose.

In 1874, they wrote a petition to the Rev. Fr. P. Beckx, General of the Society of Jesus, and in 1875, they wrote another to His Holiness, Pius IX., on the occasion of the Jubilee. Finally, the 2d day of Nov., 1875, Fr. A. Morillo, who had come from Sicily a few months before, arrived at Lapway (now St. Joseph's Mission) with Br. A. Cagiagno to begin the Nez Percés Mission with the help of Father Cataldo from the Cœur d'Alène Mission. The Brother put up, with the help of the Indians, a little house, and the Fathers began their fruitful work of teaching the Indians. The Indians now, were quite pleased with their success, they had finally a church and a Black-gown of their own, and they determined to organize themselves into a little republic, with laws, magistrates and police. Though very good and fervent, yet they could not avoid altogether small offences against order, especially as there were so many young folks among them. So one day Joshua Zimshilgupus (or Waptashamkein) who had already been elected chief instead of old David (called before Capt. Billy Hahaztushl) called a meeting of the chiefs and headmen and proposed three things to be considered by them in council, that would help them very much to advance more and more in good christian behavior. 1st, they should make penal laws; 2d, they should select between five and ten men for police purposes; 3d, they should build a very strong cabin for a prison.

The measures proposed were long agitated in council for several days. Some were inclined to adopt them and to follow in every particular the advice of the head chief; but others, more moderate, thought it better to go slowly; the mere building of a cabin, they said, would deter the Infidel Indians, and prevent them from being converted, when really such a building was not necessary at all. It

would be enough, they thought, to appoint some young men, with a chief at their head, who would be on the look-out, rather to prevent evil, than to punish it when done. But if evil was done before they could prevent it, then they could tie the culprit, and leave him fasting for one or two days without any prison at all: a good whipping, in the opinion of others, was enough to punish their offences.

This mild and prudent opinion finally prevailed: no prison was built, but six men were appointed to act as police. In the mean time, they began to build regular log cabins near the church, to make a kind of little town, and so to abandon their wigwams or Indian lodges. They enlarged their small farms, made many new ones, and, in a word they gave themselves up to industry, instead of spending their time in gambling, and drinking, or merely in hunting and fishing as they had done before.

(*To be continued.*)

INDIAN MISSIONS.

Letter from Father Ponziglione.

Osage Mission, Kansas,
December 31st, 1879.

Dear Father,

P. C.

Last summer our Catholic population increased considerably, owing to the large number of immigrants to this part of Kansas. To be able to attend to the spiritual needs of these new comers, we were obliged to give over to our Right Rev. Bishop some of our western missions, that, namely, of St. Francis Regis near New Albany, and that of St. Ignatius in the town of Neodesha, both in Wilson County, and also that of St. Agnes at Thayer, Neosho County.

About midsummer I visited the Creeks and Cherokees, and as usual met with a very kind reception. There are but few Catholics among them. On account of their long contact with Protestants, a great many of them belong to the different sects, but only nominally so. Very few, even among those who claim to be preachers, believe in the creed which they profess, as the following example will testify.

A Creek preacher of some repute among his people, was invited not long since to take part in a religious meeting held in the Indian Territory by several ministers belonging to Kansas, Missouri and Arkansas. They all went under the name of Baptists, though many among them belonged to other denominations.

According to their custom, they prayed for a time, then stood up, and told their experience. When the Creek preacher's turn had come, he was requested to pray, which he did more fervently, perhaps, and sincerely than those who had preceded him. In the excitement of his devotion the good Indian cried out: "O Lord be merciful to me,—be merciful when I come to die; and if, on account of my transgressions, I be not then found worthy to be admitted into thy great kingdom (heaven), allow me a place in thy smallest kingdom, so that, having satisfied for my sins, I may at last come to stay with Thee for ever." You may easily imagine what was the surprise of his brother ministers, when the interpreter translated this prayer into good plain English, and thus made manifest to all present how firmly this Indian champion of protestantism believed in the doctrine of Purgatory.

But you may ask: where did this man get his notion of Purgatory? Not, certainly, from the Board that made him preacher, but from those traditions that have come down from his Catholic forefathers. O would to God that the spirit of those heroes of our Society, who were sent by St. Francis Borgia to civilize and christianize the Creeks and Cherokees, would to-day revive in the hearts of some of

our zealous Fathers, causing them to consecrate themselves to the noble work of bringing back to the bosom of our holy Church these poor Indians! It was more through ignorance than malice that these people have strayed from the one, true fold; for they are, as a general thing, good and honest, and they would follow the truth, could they but know it. A mission among them would be far more useful than among the wild Indians, because, living as they do a half-civilized life, they cultivate the ground, dwell in houses, and are, for the most part, self-supporting. Besides, they nearly all speak English, are naturally industrious and inclined to lead a pious life. All they need is to have among them some one animated with apostolic zeal, who will lead them out of the errors into which Protestant teaching has caused them to fall. There need be no fear that the Indians would refuse to receive him; on the contrary, they would every where welcome him with joy and pleasure.

I know that some will ask: But who will cover the expenses needed to support missionaries among these tribes? Well, this is more than I can tell; but as there are hundreds of people that spend their money lavishly in seeking amusement, so there are hundreds who would willingly help in a work of this kind, were things but properly managed.

About the end of August I visited the Reservations of the Poncas and Nez Percés. These are about one hundred and sixty-five miles south-west of this mission, on the endless plains that stretch along the Arkansas River and its tributaries. The Reservation of the Poncas is extensive and lies between the Arkansas and the so-called Salt Fork, not very far from their confluence. That of the Nez Percés is smaller, and lies just at the mouth of the Sharkaska, some fifteen miles west of the Ponca Agency.

No game of any account is to be found on the Reservations, but there is very good grazing land. The soil appears to be rich, though parts of the country for miles and miles are nothing but a desert, without water, subject to drought,

and frequently visited by grasshoppers. Neither the Poncas nor the Nez Percés raised anything last year for their support, and they must consequently depend entirely on the Indian Department for their sustenance, till the new crops are gathered.

Their condition, on this account, is at present wretched. Since their coming to these Reservations, they have suffered a good deal from sickness and starvation, and, according to their interpreter, Mr. Chapman, about twenty-five per cent of their number have already died. If you consider that the Poncas were but eight hundred, on their arrival here some three years ago from the Mountains, you cannot help concluding that in a few years more scarcely any of these poor Indians will be found on the Reservations. The majority of the Poncas are Roman Catholics, the oldest among them having been baptized by Father P. J. De Smet of happy memory.

Before coming to the Reservation on which they now are, they wintered, one year, near a town called Baxter Spring, about twenty-five miles south of this mission. I paid them a flying visit, and, not having time to attend to them, I placed them under the care of a very good secular priest, Rev. Eugene Bononerni, who went to visit them regularly. On one occasion, just at the end of Mass, all the Indians met in council and resolved to send a petition to the President of the United States, requesting him to give them Catholic missionaries and a Catholic school. All without exception signed the petition, and their Agent, Col. A. G. Boone, kindly endorsed it, and sent it to Washington.

What kind of a reception it met with, never became known; but a few weeks after it had reached the President, the Poncas were ordered to leave that part of the Indian Territory, and to go to their present Reservation. Col. A. G. Boone, of whom they thought so much, was at the same time removed from his agency;—all, no doubt, because of his kindness in endorsing the petition. As soon as the

Poncas had been permanently settled, the Government established among them schools and a mission under the care of the Episcopal church. The Indians protested and declared that the missionaries sent to them were not those that they had asked for. They told their new agent that they wanted Roman Catholic missionaries and no others. But it was all to no purpose. There is no use protesting when might constitutes right.

The Nez Percés count but few Catholics on their Reservation, though they know well what the Catholic Church is. The whole band was under instruction for Baptism, when they were forcibly driven from the Mountains. The better to pervert these poor people the government made two rather intelligent young Nez Percés, whom they picked up, Presbyterian preachers. These two are well paid for their work. One of them told me that he preached to his Indians every Sunday, and that he expected to see all the Nez Percés in a short time good Presbyterians. But thanks be to God, there is no sign of this yet, and there need be little fear for the future, because these young preachers have no influence of any kind, and are despised by their own people.

The Nez Percés are at present quite demoralized and dissatisfied. They would all return if they could to their native mountains. The few that are Catholics are so timid that they do not dare acknowledge openly the religion which they were baptized in. If you ask them whether they are Catholics, they may answer at one time in the affirmative, and at the next, the contrary. If you ask them in what religion they believe, they will answer: "we believe in Cataldo's teaching, and that is the only teaching which we wish to have."

Their great chief, Joseph, is in every respect a fine man. Yet even he is afraid of the government agents, and when I asked him if he was a Catholic, he replied that he had no religion of any kind. In answer to the question, whether he knew Father Cataldo, he said: "O yes! Cataldo is my

friend; he is a good man; all my people love him, and I desire very much to see him once more."

I offered a very nice pair of beads to a young Nez Percé who accompanied me as interpreter on my visit to his people. As he had told me that he was one of Cataldo's friends, and that he followed Cataldo's teaching, I concluded that he would like my present. He did, indeed, like it; but he refused to accept it, because he feared that he might be persecuted for having such an article of Catholic devotion. Before leaving I asked him his name, in order that I might speak about him when writing to Father Cataldo; but he refused to tell it, owing to his fears lest I should report him to the Government and thus make him liable to be punished for having been too confident with me.

In a condition hardly much better are the Osages. These would not sign the Treaty of 1869, by which they were to cede to the United States some nine millions of acres, until a promise had been given them, that in their new Reservation they would have the schools and missionaries that they had here. But though the promise was solemnly given by the commissioners, it has not yet been fulfilled. In spite of the many petitions sent during the past ten years by the Osages to the President, calling on him to keep his word; in spite of the general dissatisfaction prevailing among them, they have been placed under the care of Protestant ministers, with very little prospect of there being in the future any change for the better. Their not being allowed to give their children the education which they consider proper for them, is the greatest trouble that the Osages have. This is especially the case in regard to the half breeds, who are naturally very quiet and intelligent, not to say religious. Most of them have been educated here at our mission. They know the advantages and the importance of a good Catholic education, and desire very much to have their children brought up in the same faith as they themselves were. More than once these good half-breeds have talked about

building a church on their Reservation, but by some means or other the agents have thwarted their plans. The last time I visited the Osages they told me that they were going to try once more to build a church. What will be the result of this new trial, time will tell.

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

MISSION OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Letter of Fr. Hébert to Fr. Perron.

FORT WILLIAM,
Feb. 24, 1880.

REV. FATHER,
P. C.

I wish to enter into a detailed account of the long journey which I undertook in 1879. Were I not afraid of lengthening my letter to too great an extent, and of surpassing the limits which I have prescribed to myself, I should also like to make some mention about the missions of Red Rock, Le Pic and Michipicoton which I visited in the autumn of 1878. It was during this memorable voyage across Lake Superior, that I ran great risk of perishing in its waves.

The trip I made last winter, during the course of which I traveled more than a thousand miles, would, no doubt, afford you some interest, especially, that which I made to Gull River on the great Pacific Rail Road, during which I baptized thirteen Indians; but I must confine myself within narrower bounds.

On the 1st April, 1879, I left Fort William, accompanied by two Indians, who came from Red Rock in search of me. Going thither, I passed through Silver Isle for the purpose of giving the Catholics an opportunity of fulfilling their paschal duties; which all of them performed in a most edi-

fying manner. I arrived at Red Rock, on the 6th April, but I remained only five days, for I promised the Catholics of Nipigon to celebrate Easter among them. In the night of 8th April, I went to visit one of our Indians, who lay dangerously ill far away in the woods. I found the poor sick woman delirious, but knowing that she was a good Christian, I gave her Extreme Unction. At my return to Lake Helena, I was surprised to see many good Indians anxiously awaiting my arrival to hear Mass. The previous night, I had no sleep, for I was obliged to travel over a rough and dangerous road. What a grand occasion, to offer some little sacrifice to our dear Lord, during this week wholly set aside by the Church for commemorating and honoring His most sacred Passion. Good Friday, I started from Red Rock and took the road to Nipigon, accompanied by Henry and another Indian. We had not been more than a couple of hours en route, before we overtook the Indians, whom I had visited the preceding night. They had walked the whole day, carrying the invalid on a *Tobagan.*

All were sound asleep, wrapped in large bear skins. I awoke some of them, and they pointed me out the invalid, whom I had visited the night before. Her condition was truly pitiable. There was neither tent nor fire to protect her from the inclemency of the weather; the poor creature was in agony and about to breathe her last, whilst her near friends and companions lay around unmindful of her sufferings. Her thick locks were congealed around her face, her hands and feet tied to prevent her in her death throes from uncovering herself. Words cannot express what a sad impression this spectacle produced on me. It recalled the pains and sufferings which our dear Lord underwent on this Good Friday, eighteen centuries ago. I could not refrain from remarking this to her husband: he understood my meaning, and unbound her hands. I then asked her if she was sorry for her past sins. By close listening I caught the feeble sound of her reply, and pronounced the

words of absolution. Not being able to do any thing more for her, I departed, happy and consoled for having delivered her fron her twofold bonds. At twelve o'clock on Easter Sunday I arrived at Fort Nipigon. I assure you that I felt tired out and fatigued, as during the preceding week I had passed three whole nights without sleep. From my arrival at Nipigon until the 1st of May, my time was wholly taken up with the inhabitants of the Fort and the savages who dwell around the Lake. It was well spent in administering the sacraments and giving spiritual instructions; I baptized a great many children, all of whom belonged to Christian parents. There is nothing else which demands special attention.

On the 1st of May I arrived at the place from which I wrote to you last spring. There I met with many good Christian families, with whom I spent twelve days, whilst waiting for the breaking up of the ice upon the lakes. I took my leave on the 13th and started towards Lake Long. During the *portages*, we were often compelled to wade for hours almost up to our knees in water, and carrying at the same time a heavy load on our shoulders. I had the misfortune to forget in one of our encampments some precious relics and the crucifix you gave me after the Third Year of Probation at Sault au Récollet. We reached *Petit Lac Long* on the 15th, where I found a family not yet converted to our holy faith. I had the consolation before my departure of baptizing all of them. Strange to say, all the children with one exception, have six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot.

On the 19th we reached *Fort du Lac Long*, and believe me, it was high time, for our provisions were all consumed. At the Fort, some misconduct had happened during my absence, which caused me great annoyance. The moment I was informed of this scandal, I felt oppressed with grief and anguish; but recalling to my mind those sweet words: *Jesu, mitis et humilis corde, fac cor nostrum secundum cor tuum*, I became consoled and encouraged.

I was obliged to wait for the Indians during the space of six days; they began to arrive after the 24th, and from that day until the 30th their flotillas of ten or fifteen canoes were daily seen making for the Fort. I kept a sharp look out for their coming, and as soon as I espied them at a distance, I took my station on the shore to welcome them, shaking them warmly by the hand and calling them by their Indian names. This greatly surprised and flattered them; and we were quickly on good terms with one another. I began my work without delay, making use of the same means which I employed last year. Heaven blessed my feeble efforts; for during my short stay, I baptized twenty-two persons, of whom nineteen were children and three adults. Lake Manito Namegong was the next place that called my attention. Some Indians who came from this neighborhood told me that Pierre Lagarde, the oldest member of a half-breed family of which I made mention on a former occasion, was sick and wished to see me. Notwithstanding his good christian name, he was still a pagan. Having appointed some to continue the instructions to the catechumens, and arranged other matters, that there might be no disorder during my absence, I set out in compliance with the invalid's ardent desire.

On this trip we suffered much from driving, icy rain, that fell in torrents during a great part of the day, and against which we were badly provided. After braving the storm for a long time, we were at length forced to seek the shore for shelter; but not being able to find any covering, we turned up our canoes and got under them until the rain abated. After a couple of hours we were again upon our way, jaded in body, but filled with spiritual consolation.

What happiness I experienced when I found out that I was the first priest to traverse these regions: and how many times during our voyage did I call upon God to bless those poor savages whom I was about to visit, and to shower down on them His graces in greater abundance than the rain which was drenching His unworthy servant.

Late at night we reached our destination; all were in bed; the fires were all out, and no one stirred to welcome us. As the old man was not dangerously ill, I thought it better not to trouble him: so, wrapped up in a blanket, I stretched myself on some pieces of bark which happened to be lying on the ground. Sleep soon quieted my weary limbs, but the cold produced by my damp clothes awoke me after a short nap. It was impossible for me to repose again, I was shivering from head to foot; prayer was my only solace until morning. When it was the good pleasure of the Indians to get up, they made a fire, and I profited by this occasion to dry my clothes and warm my shaken frame. When I had made the acquaintance of all the inmates of the tent and taken my breakfast, I began to prepare Lagarde for Baptism. With him I had the pleasure of baptizing eleven children who were presented to me; promising to return soon again, I started for Lake Long, where I arrived the same evening. On the 1st of June, I had eight baptisms, seven of them being adults; and on the next day I baptized six adults more. This finished the mission of Lake Long, for the poor Indians, oppressed by hunger, left the place to seek food, and were soon scattered in every direction. I revisited Manito Namegong, on the 3rd of June. During my stay at the Fort, I baptized twenty children and sixteen adults, thanks to the Sacred Heart. The intention sent to the *Messenger* at Woodstock wrought these fruits in souls. On my way to Manito Namegong, I obtained through the intercession of St. Anthony of Padua this wonderful little favor which I am about to relate: I had lost the key of the box which contained my portable altar; my men and your humble servant, imploring the intercession of St. Anthony, looked a long time for it, but without success. At length we gave up all hopes of ever seeing it again, and went to take up our tent; but one of my men in running his hand along the post for the purpose of making the rope slip down, felt something in his

hand, which, to our great astonishment, turned out to be the lost key.

The Lagarde family gave us a hearty welcome. I spent five days with them; we had cold and rainy weather almost all the time. On the 6th of June I baptized two children. On the 7th, the eve of the feast of the most Blessed Trinity, observing a beautiful tree beyond my tent, I conceived the idea of making a cross out of it; I entrusted this work to one of my men, who performed the task according to my expectations, and surrounded it with a handsome fence. The following day, I blessed it in presence of all the savages, and I then explained to them its meaning and the respect which they should manifest to it.

"Whenever you pass here," said I, "or wish to receive some favor from God, come and ask it at the foot of this Cross, and your prayer will surely be heard." The evening of the same day, I baptized eight neophytes, all grown up persons. On the 9th, I baptized two adults, and then taught two of the most intelligent members of the band how to administer baptism in case of necessity. Ten pagans still remained, who for one reason or another, had not yet been instructed. The poor creatures appeared sad and troubled on seeing me leave without giving them baptism; I encouraged them and promised to baptize them next spring.

On the 9th, I left Manito Namegong, where I had baptized twenty-four persons, and traveled towards Le Pic, where we arrived on the 14th. Nothing remarkable happened on this journey of two hundred miles; but during the trip we suffered much from the heat and from insects. At the Fort, I found almost all the savages of Le Pic, who were awaiting my arrival. After having given them a couple of instructions on penance, I heard their confessions; then, I went about the neighborhood to visit some pagans and Methodists, whom I found so well disposed, that I began, at once, to catechise them. That all might have an opportunity of hearing the word of God, I employed my two men at this

same good work. On the 19th I baptized three adults and one child, but the day after my arrival, I had baptized five children. Every day was marked by a certain number of baptisms.

On the 1st of July, the last day I spent at Le Pic, the whole number of those who had been baptized, amounted to thirty-three persons;—twenty-two adults (and of these three were Methodists) and eleven children. One Methodist and two infidels still remain unbaptized. Now, as my work was completed in this quarter, I wished to leave as soon as possible, but the bad weather detained me for three days. I started, on the 4th, for Michipicoton, and arrived on Sunday, the 6th, a little after twelve o'clock, when the Indians were coming out of church. I met here about three hundred savages, half of whom were Methodists; I gave them a little instruction after vespers, and then retired for that day. My time for two or three days was taken up in the administration of the Sacraments; then, I gave my whole attention to the infidels and Methodists.

The poor Indian, who made me such fine promises last year, seemed willing now to fulfill them. It was agreed, that he should first go to the Methodist camp, about half a mile distant from the Fort, to obtain the permission of his chief. When he returned, he appeared to be delighted, they were well disposed and eight children would be baptized. He reported, however, that the son of the chief *Totominan* opposed his good undertaking. "Well," said I, "you must go again to-morrow and try to obtain the consent of the whole party." The next morning, he started off on the same errand, and returned a short time afterwards with bad news; there would be at most only three or four for Baptism, and the good dispositions which had existed were on the wane. Undaunted by this ill success, he tried a third time to conquer the obstinacy of his chief; but the attempt failed completely; and he came back to me again, downcast and afflicted. I used every means to console and encourage

him ; but since then he has never visited our church. How are we to account for the change of sentiment on the part of Totominan and his son ? He had brought me two children to be baptized, during my former visit, yet he, now, is opposed to all those who seek baptism at my hands. A short time since, his wife died a Methodist, and our Catholic Indians refused to sing canticles at her funeral, as they are wont to do for those who die in the faith. This is the cause of his wrath and fury against those poor Christian Indians. There is also another little event, which happened some short time ago and which helped to render us unpopular with the Methodists.

Mr. Bell, the *Bourgeois* of the Fort, divided the sum of about $400.00, given by the government of Ontario, among the Methodists and Catholics. The Methodists resolved to buy provisions with their portion of the money and the Catholics put theirs together for the purpose of building a school-house. To renounce Methodism, was, therefore, to deprive one's self of pork and flour, which, I assure you, is a great sacrifice for a poor hungry savage. I am glad that the Methodists expended their money for food, instead of spending it as our people have done ; for if they had a school, it might do much harm to the rising generation. Our good Catholic Indians went immediately to look for wood and other necessary materials for the erection of their new building. Before leaving, I had the great pleasure of seeing a large pile of wood placed near the church to dry, which in a short time will be ready for their purpose. If the most sensible among the Methodists could not behold those proofs of energy, shown by our Catholic Indians, without feeling ashamed of their own conduct, what will be their feelings, next spring, when they shall see this design fully carried out, and the school in a flourishing condition ?

Nevertheless, as I thought over the check experienced by the Indian mentioned above, I could not help reproaching

myself with having perhaps placed too much confidence in him; and, thereupon, I resolved to repair the fault as far as it was possible, by going in person to visit the Methodists, and to find out from their own lips the cause of this unexpected opposition. They gave me a warm reception; and as it was a beautiful day, we sat down on a grass-plot before the tent. I was not very long in this position, when to my great surprise, I beheld myself surrounded by thirty of those poor heretics. I told them that my mission was not only for the Catholics, but also for them, and especially as they had been baptized by our Fathers. "Now you have," said I, "another religion, quite different from that one which our Fathers taught you. Why have you changed your belief? Was it not the true religion which they preached to you?" I then took the volume of the Gospels, translated by Bishop Baraga, and selected four subjects, suited to the occasion. Firstly, the supremacy of St. Peter and his successors. Secondly, the sacrament of penance. Thirdly, the Blessed Eucharist. Fourthly, devotion to the Blessed Virgin. After giving a simple explanation of the Catholic doctrine on one of these points, I added: "Your ministers have told you to reject this teaching, held by our Church; let us see what the word of Jesus Christ says about it." I then proved my point by many texts from Scripture. "But, perhaps," said I again, "some among you may think, that my book says this, but that your Bible holds an opposite doctrine." I opened their Bible and read for them the same text which I quoted in my instruction. They began to look at each other in astonishment, and I could perceive by their countenances, that they were fully convinced, that our religion was the only true one. At the conclusion of my discourse, I told them, that they were not so much to be blamed for making profession of a false religion as those false preachers, who had inculcated to them this bad doctrine; still, believe me, unless you now embrace the true religion, since you are convinced that it is the only true one,

you are exposing yourselves to a terrible misfortune. At my departure many said to me: "give us until next Spring to think about what you have said to us, and what we ought to do." I feel confident, that the Sacred Heart will soon lead back to us these poor sheep of the forest, whom the Methodist wolf has led astray. I recommend them to your holy sacrifices and prayers. Kinikomens, who was so much opposed by Totominan, came to me upon my departure and asked me for holy water, promising me at the same time that nothing would prevent him from becoming a Catholic next Spring.

During my mission at Michipicoton, I baptized four adults —three of whom were Methodists and the other an infidel; and five children, three born of Christian parents, and two of Methodists. I left Michipicoton on the 3d August and took the steamer for the Hauteur des Terres, which brought me in two days to my destination.

During the four months' mission, without speaking of the other functions which belong to my ministry, I baptized one hundred and fifteen persons, almost all infidels or heretics. I shall not forget to thank the Sacred Heart, our holy Mother and St. Joseph, for all these graces. I hope and trust that you will often pray for those poor Indians. I recommend in a special manner to your holy Sacrifices, the infidels and Methodists.

Father Superior is quite well. Brs. Regan and Hays are sick: my own health is better than ever before. The scholastics will be ordained next Spring. Father Chambon is in charge of the Landing and Silver Islet. We have had a severe winter; plenty of snow; the savages find game in abundance. With kindest regards to all my old friends at Woodstock, and particularly to my former professors, I remain

Your servant in Christ,

J. Hébert, S. J.

NEW MEXICO.

Las Vegas, N. M.,
March 28th, 1880.

Rev. Father in Christ,
P. C.

Some time ago a reporter of the *St. Louis Commercial* called on Fr. Rector and expressed a desire to write an article on the College, to be published in his paper, stating at the same time that the trifling sum of twenty-five dollars would recompense him for his labor. As poor Father Rector has more than enough to do with the small amount of money that he receives, he declined the generous offer. However, in the article which the gentleman wrote on Las Vegas, he mentioned a few words about the College, to the effect that it was the chief attraction of the town. What would he have said, had he received the money? He told the truth: for, beyond all doubt, the College is the principal building in Las Vegas. It is situated in the lower part of Oldtown, or West Las Vegas, which is separated from Newtown, or East Las Vegas, by the microscopic river called Gallinas. It is a two story structure whose walls are made of the usual material of the country, *adobes* (bricks of mud and straw), and stuccoed with a mixture of adobe and lime. It comprises the main building, about two hundred feet front and forty deep, and two wings, each one hundred feet long and thirty wide. Although it is the pride of Las Vegas, it is not a very magnificent affair; but it is infinitely superior to the old building, which leaked so badly, that on more than one occasion umbrellas would have been very serviceable to keep the Fathers from getting wet in their rooms;—but the misery was that they were too poor to afford the luxury of umbrellas. I often think how fortunate it is that

there are so few rain storms here, because if there were many the whole town would be dissolved. The difficulties and hardships of the Fathers who came to the Mission first can never be expressed in words; only He for whose sake they have endured them knows how great they have been. The people, like those of many other places, imagine that the Jesuits must be exceedingly rich, because they see them build such fine houses. And now that the college is finished and in running order, the greatest difficulty is experienced by Superiors in keeping it up, because they receive so little money for the boys' tuition. The Mexicans hate to part with their "dinero," and pay for their boys with "oves et boves et pecora campi." Our Rector is certainly to be pitied: what with paying debts and the fearful trouble he has in collecting money to do so, and the providing for the wants of the community and college, he has a task to perform which I think few men would care about undertaking. Before I came to New Mexico, I thought that the Fathers were in very comfortable circumstances, but I was mistaken. Oftentimes there is not sufficient money in the house to pay for the next meal. Truly, the love of God alone could make men waste away their lives in such a desert. Think of the consolation we derive from our work when we know that the highest ambition of the boys whom we try to educate, is to become rancheros or clerks. One boy last year, —to give an instance,—took music lessons. At the end of the year, he left all his music behind, giving as a reason that he would not need it any longer, as he was going to work on the ranch.

It is very amusing to hear them talk English. One evening a little fellow came up to me, crying: I asked him, what was the matter? and he replied: "Hipolito, he said me bad words." "What did he say?" "He said me, dog." "Well, you go and say him, 'burro:'" and he went off happy. "He's there up," or "there down," is common. Several times they have come to me for "pocket books," meaning

envelopes. "I may can;" "he did bought;" and "I gained him," are some of the choice expressions. There is this about the boys that can not be said of all college boys, they are very obedient and respectful, and it is the easiest thing in the world to manage them. In class they behave very well and they all study very faithfully. For these reasons I have got to like them very much. The little scholars of Father Tomassini's class are the hardest to take care of. Fortunately they are almost all day-scholars, so that I don't have anything to do with them. But what a time he must have. Fifty or sixty of them with no manners or decency keep his hands full, and the scenes and incidents of his class room would not look well in print. I do not think that any teacher could have a harder class, nor take more interest and labor harder than he does. The good success of his work was seen in the semi-annual examinations which finished last Tuesday. Taking everything into consideration I think his class did as well as, if not better than, any of the others.

On Passion Sunday the boys of the college and the Sisters' girls marched to the parish church where some were to make their First Communion. The weather was extremely cold, and the church was a magnified refrigerator, as there is no furnace to heat it. The poor little fellows were all crying with the cold, and I don't think that any of us had devotion enough to keep us warm. The church itself is most uninviting and the want of care is evident in everything about it. A little labor would remedy all, for the church exteriorly is indeed a handsome edifice built of brown stone. The ceremonial is a peculiar one. The Mass said that day was a Low Mass, yet a fat boy headed the procession with a censer and two acolytes followed. After the Credo, Father Personé gave the children a final instruction. At the proper time the children, boys on one side, girls on the other, advanced in good order to the altar to receive for the first time the Holy Communion. It was a beautiful and edifying sight, and I am sure all who saw it

were very much pleased. In the afternoon we went to the church again for the Profession of Faith and Renovation of Baptismal Vows. Had the weather not been so cold, I am sure that more people would have been present; as it was, there was quite a large throng.

All the Americans that have written about the people of this place have done them grievous injustice. The Americans who are the real rowdy disgraceful element are lauded as go-ahead people, while the poor "greaser" is called by all sorts of opprobrious names. The truth is that in Oldtown, the real Mexican town, scarcely ever does a disturbance occur; while in Newtown, where the Americans have established themselves, all the murders, that have given Las Vegas her unenviable reputation, have been perpetrated. It is true that the morals of the lower class of Mexicans are not of a very high standard. How can it be expected, when the whole family lives in one little room, for almost all the adobe huts contain but one room, and the people are too poor as a rule to afford more. In this one room they and their dogs (every family has three or four) eat and sleep together. A Mexican hut presents to the American a curious scene, and, as often happens, when the dogs get snarling and fighting, the scene is rendered as lively and harmonious as could be desired.

The people here are so lifeless that it is almost impossible to effect any good among them, but with time and patience they will improve. Their one redeeming trait is their piety, but even this is Mexican. They are ignorant, and their ignorance is the cause of all their miseries. Now the Americans that are here are even more degraded than the poor natives whom they despise. It would be impossible to find in any part of the country a more ignorant, sinful set than we have here in Newtown. Yet these men, who know better, and act worse, than the "greasers," are acknowledged as the spice of society. The horrible lynching affairs whose accounts have reached even secluded Woodstock were man-

aged almost entirely by the inhabitants of the West side. Within the last few months no fewer than fifteen murders have been committed in and around Las Vegas, and of these not one was committed by a Mexican. There is excuse for the natives, because for two centuries they have been cut off from all society ; and, as you well know, the example given by their priests was not likely to improve their morals.

Not long since a certain Rev. Foote wrote an article in which he vilified, the people of New Mexico so outrageously, that he called forth more than one answer. One, written by a Mexican, I would like to send you, it contains such beautiful English, that it would serve as a model. The Rev. Foote was called by such delightful names as the "reverend fool," the "reverend clown" and "dish wiper" which showed how extensive was the writer's vocabulary. In his letter, the above mentioned Reverend spoke about the "gewgaws" of the Jesuit church. I suppose he thought all priests are Jesuits, and although he said some true things, yet any one could perceive that all his exaggerations were caused by his animosity to the Catholics. The people are Catholic, and this is the most damnable thing of all in the sight of these tramps, who now and then afflict us with their presence. Of course, there are sights that are curious to Americans. A man on horseback, with his wife trudging on behind the horse; youngsters parading with a garment not much larger than a pair of suspenders; women working hard, and men taking it easy; burros with mountains of loads so high and wide that it is a wonder that the whole thing is not inverted with the burro dangling his legs in the air:—these are a few of the curiosities ordinarily met with. Whenever any one is sick, and a visitor enters and asks how the sick person is, the mother of the family just pulls down the bedclothes and shows the visitor where the patient is suffering,—and this, no matter who are present. They sit, or rather squat, around the bed in regular order from father down to the youngest, and never say a word, but stare

at the sick person. When a corpse is being "waked," the visitor comes in, and with folded arms stands near the corpse, and stares for half an hour or more on the face of the dead person, and then glides out as noiselessly as he came in. They live on coffee principally, and that is one of the reasons why they are generally so thin. They take very little substantial food, because they cannot afford it. Give a Mexican "chile," "buffalo meat," "frijoles" (beans), and coffee, and he is happy. I have never tasted the buffalo meat, and if I judge of the taste from the smell, I hope I never will. The "chile," a species of red pepper, I cannot eat; but if you could only see how the boys take it,—it is a sort of ice-cream and strawberries for them. The women have the queerest way of smoking. They do it, as if they were doing something that they were ashamed of. They cover the head with the shawl, and smoke under it, and now and then clouds of smoke are seen to rise from their clothes, and one unaccustomed to the performance might think that the poor women were on fire. One of the great sins in the young ladies' eyes is to smoke before their parents. I have never seen children show such respect to their parents as the Mexicans do. No matter how old or grown they are, they always show respect for their father and mother, which the American youth would do to well to imitate.

A few weeks ago I made a flying trip to La Junta about twenty-four miles from Vegas. I drove there in a buggy to bring Father Minister home. I had never been there before, but I went alone and didn't get lost either. It was not a very difficult task to accomplish, for I had only to follow the railroad route. The reason I mention the trip is, because I wish to tell about a vision, that a servant of our Fathers there had. It was a material kind of vision which left a deep impression on him. He was sent one day to find a lost cow. He went on a mule. He inquired at various places for the cow, but without success. He finally asked at a place where there were some muchachitos playing.

The youngsters came out and frightened the mule, and the poor fellow fell off, and while falling the mule gave him a good sound kick, such as only mules can give, and knocked him senseless. The mule came home alone, and he came along some time after. Such was the vision, but it requires explanation. Two or three days after he was told that his father was dead. "I know it," said he. "for God gave me a vision three days ago." When asked to explain, he said: "When I fell off the mule, my father fell sick: and when the mule kicked me, and knocked me senseless, my father died." I don't think that this could be considered a real vision, yet the poor visionary, who by the way imagines himself a novice of the Society, firmly believes it. The church of our Fathers there would deserve a chapter for itself. But I may be able to give a good account of La Junta, as also of Fort Union, some other time, as we start for there to-day, and I must end this epistle in time. Suffice it to say, that Father Rossi went to Fort Union on Holy Thursday to give the Catholic soldiers an opportunity of hearing Mass. Easter Sunday also the same Father said Mass and preached a very good English sermon to them. The *Gazette* remarked that the commander not being a man of any religious belief permitted it, as though it were a special favor he was conferring.

For the scientific part of your readers, I have an item which I have reserved till the last. When I first came here, I was struck with a phenomenon that happened every night when I was undressing. Innumerable sparks shot out from all my clothes. At first, I was a little frightened, but thinking over it, I found they were electric sparks. Sometimes I have got as many as a dozen sparks from my shirt. It is owing, I have no doubt, to the dryness of the atmosphere, for I never observed it anywhere else. Since I have been here, it has not rained half a dozen times. We have had but three or four slight falls of snow which evaporated immediately. The climate is truly the only good thing here,

it makes up for all the inconveniences we have to suffer. You have often heard that Vegas is a beautiful spot, but if you could only see it, you wouldn't think so. But I must come to a close. If at any time I have anything of interest, I will certainly communicate it to Your Reverence, as I believe it is the easiest method of answering all correspondents. Hoping that what I have said may prove of interest, I recommend myself to the prayers of all.

Your humble servant in Christ.

M. T. Hughes, S. J.

MISSIONS GIVEN BY FATHER MAGUIRE AND COMPANIONS.

FROM JANUARY 4th, 1880, TO MARCH 21st.

December is a fine month, in which to leave the ice and snow of New England, and journey to Florida, where spring has already begun. Such was the good fortune of the Missionary Fathers at the end of last year. Leaving Boston on the 28th of December, they arrived at Jacksonville, January 2d, having traveled continuously with the exception of a night spent in Philadelphia. The change was most enchanting: to see the fields and gardens decked in green, the roses in full bloom, and the oranges ripe upon the trees was, truly, a welcome sight.

Florida, though at all times having attractions for tourists, presents them most lavishly during the winter months. Thousands from our northern cities spend the winter there in quest of health: thousands go there also for enjoyment, and this they find in the delightful climate and the remarkable scenery of the country. Many tourists, charmed with what they see around them, remain, and induce their friends to imitate their example. As a consequence, the State is

increasing rapidly in population, since, independently of the advantages of climate and scenery, it offers the best inducements to immigrants, who naturally look for cheap lands and quick returns from their labor. Florida offers both to those who settle within her borders. It is an every day affair to hear of persons, who settled in Florida ten years ago, and bought fifty or sixty acres of land for three dollars an acre: for six or seven years they made enough to support themselves; now with their orange groves, which, in the meantime, have begun to produce a fair crop, they are considered wealthy, having incomes of four and five thousand dollars a year, with every prospect of increasing them, as an orange grove reaches its highest point of productiveness after twenty, and continues fruitful for a hundred, years. The writer of this sketch saw trees in full bearing that were over sixty years old. To return; persons who bought land for three dollars an acre, and managed to make a living on it for eight years, are now offered two and three thousand dollars an acre for the same land, owing to the groves upon it. Numbers of farmers from the North and West, aware of these facts, have sold out their estates, in order to settle in Florida, whilst our Catholics are rushing to the Northwest to freeze in winter, and make a pitiable living, perhaps, at all times.

Some say that the supply of oranges will be too great for the demand. This was said fifteen years ago: in that time, the crop has increased by millions of oranges, and more money is made now than then.

An orange grove requires very little attention. Light rubbish, or muck from the swamps, thrown under the trees is all the fertilizing needed. At times, a carbolic wash is good for the trunk of the tree. A tree with proper care will give a yield of five thousand oranges, but even putting it at a thousand, and following the practice of having a hundred trees to the acre, and allowing one cent for an orange, net gain, the income would be a thousand dollars.

I saw a tree, where last year the fruit was sold as it hung upon the branches for sixty dollars. And this is now no rare occurrence. A gentleman from the North has a small place near Mandarin, for which he paid a few dollars an acre. Having a good portion of it as a truck garden for the northern markets, he has besides thirty acres in orange trees, and, at the lowest estimate, in a few years, he will have an income from the oranges alone of thirty thousand dollars!

And the orange is but one of the products of Florida: all the semi-tropical fruits are grown there, besides the ordinary crops of grain, cotton, rice, sugar-cane, and early vegetables for the markets of the North, etc. Lumber is also a great industry.

Jacksonville.—The mission in Jacksonville, which in winter is the Saratoga of the South, lasted for a week. The Bishop of the diocese, always so kind to Ours, came from St. Augustine, his residence, fifty miles up the St. John's River, to greet the Fathers and bless their work. The church was crowded at every service. Protestants came to the mission in large numbers, and a few were received into the true fold. No doubt, the prejudices of a great many were removed, and though not converted, they will be more ready to hear Catholic truth in the future. Towards the end of the week, Father Holland was sent to Palatka, seventy miles up the River St. John, to begin a mission on Sunday, the 11th of January. Father Maguire after giving two lectures in Jacksonville went to join Father Holland about the 15th of the month. The number of Communions in both places was altogether about seven hundred.

Jacksonville in winter is a very inviting place, and the rich equipages of the northern residents give it a gala appearance. An additional interest was given to the every day routine of the city, during the mission, by the arrival of the ex-President on his way for Havana. His presence and the procession in his honor interfered a little with the attendance at the church for a day or so.

St. Augustine. (January 18–25)—This ancient town, the oldest in North America, though considerably changed in appearance by the advent of northern men, is still quaint enough to put one in mind of Spain and hidalgos, of the plumes and prowess of the adventurers of former times. Passing along its narrow streets one almost feels on the alert for some caballero of the olden time to march out all booted, crested and spurred from an alley way, to challenge intrusion. The buildings are very old and venerable; they are made of cochina rock, a conglomerate of sand and shells, from a quarry on an island in front of the city, across the Matanzas River. This island and the river, not a mile wide, are the only barriers between the ocean and St. Augustine, and for this reason invalids are afraid to tarry there. Some, however, think this a mistake, as the nearness of the Gulf Stream to the coast (twenty miles) prevents any bad effects from the ocean air.

The present Cathedral was built in the last century. The Franciscan convent, now a barracks, and the home of the Poor Clares, used as a private house in these times, were built long before. The present residence of the Bishop was under Spanish rule a free school, the first in the United States. The people are no longer the same that they were under the old government. At the change of flag in 1763, nearly all the old Spanish settlers retired to Spain or Cuba; their places were afterwards filled by Minorcans brought to the colony by an Englishman, named Trumbull. To many there is very little difference between a Spaniard and a Minorcan; though there is in character and language. The venerable names of Suarez, Sanchez, Fernandez, Lugo, Rodriguez are common enough, but when we see the bearer of one of these great names keeping an oyster-house or hiring out sail-boats, you cannot but admire how the mighty have fallen.

The Indian Missions were at one time very flourishing and consoling around St. Augustine. Nearly all the Semi-

noles were converted to the faith; but the English broke up the missions, and the poor Indians became wanderers again as their name signifies. At present, they inhabit by treaty the Everglades, or swampy lands of the southern part of the State. They have little, or no intercourse with the whites, and are very suspicious in regard to them. Father Dufau, the vicar-general of the diocese, made an attempt a few years ago to enter the Everglades for the spiritual advancement of the tribe, but met with such difficulties and distrust, that he was forced to abandon his undertaking. The Indians call all white people, "cow men," for the reason that the whites come to trade in cattle once in a while. Half a mile north of St. Augustine is the chapel of Nuestra Señora de la Leche, a modern building on the site of an old one, where Father Blas Rodriguez de Montes was put to death two hundred and eighty years ago by some Indians, whose bad conduct he had found fault with. They came early in the morning to the chapel; the Father divining their errand obtained their permission to say Mass, which they attended in silence, and at the end of which they massacred him at the foot of the altar. This, with other facts well known in Florida, shows that Christianity has shed its blood there also, and consequently must have its triumphs.

The mission work was most consoling in St. Augustine. The people are good, docile, full of faith, and remarkably honest, pure and temperate. Until the immigration of the northern people there was not a single liquor store in the town. Doors and bolts on houses were unknown, and, I doubt, even now, if the people are equal to the mysteries of them. About a dozen Protestants joined the Church, during the retreat; amongst them was a Mr. Bronson, the leading citizen of the place, who is married to a great granddaughter of Judge Gaston, so well known in his day. The church was crowded all day with devout worshippers. There were about one thousand Communions; about fifty grown persons were confirmed by the Bishop, the Right Rev. John Moore, at the end of the Mission.

Whilst Frs. Maguire and Holland were engaged in the work mentioned above, Frs. Strong and Morgan were sent to other places in the State, to give the exercises; the former, to Key West, the latter, to Fernandina, Moccasin Branch, and Mandarin.

Fernandina. (Jan. 4–11)—The church here is under the patronage of St. Michael, in memory of Father Miguel de Auñon, who was martyred by the Indians in 1597 in the old town of Fernandina about a mile from the new town. There is a chapel in either place attended by Father O'Boyle, the present pastor. He lives in the new town. There are schools in both places taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph. The colored school in old Fernandina is supported by the State, and the Sisters receive salaries for their services. The Catholic population is very small, and notwithstanding the arrival of General Grant on the opening day of the mission and the festivities in his honor on the day following, the attendance at church was very good throughout the week. A day was given for the benefit of the infirm in the old town. Quite a number of persons came to the exercises, and the Father was quite amused to see the collection taken up in the chapel by an old lady of the congregation. Fernandina is a resort in winter for invalids and tourists. The famous beach, eighteen miles long, and the best ocean drive in the world, attracts a great many people in the afternoon.

The number of Communions was about two hundred and fifty. Seven persons, amongst whom was a colored alderman, were received into the church.

Moccasin Branch.—This is a Minorcan settlement about twelve miles from St. Augustine. The congregation is under the care of Father Langlade of the Cathedral. There is a handsome chapel erected by the zeal of the pastor. The people are good and full of faith. Intemperance and the other vices, so common elsewhere, are unheard of here. No man has yet dared to sell intoxicating drink in the settlement. Everybody came to the mission, bringing even

the babies to the church to the great annoyance of the preacher, who frequently had to give his sermon amid a chorus of a half dozen squalling infants. The dogs, too, came with their owners, to spend the day around the church and contribute their mite to the existing difficulties. The mission began on the 14th of January at night; after the sermon there was a torchlight procession to guide the people homeward. The retreat lasted ten days. Number of Communions, one hundred.

Among the many remarkable traits of these people in the way of goodness, a stranger is struck by their strict honesty. There are no locks or bolts on doors. A man goes from home and stays for a week, and no one interferes with his property.

MANDARIN.—This is an old settlement made in the last century by royalists or tories from the Carolinas. After the Revolutionary War, they emigrated to Florida, then under the English flag. When the Spanish rule was restored, these settlers to obtain grants of land, conformed outwardly to the Catholic faith. Their religion, however, was very slight; a priest used to visit them once or twice a year, to baptize the infants. In 1840, the Methodists attempted to draw these people away from the Church, and partially succeeded, and would, no doubt, have perverted the whole population, but for a mishap. A certain tall, loud-talking preacher from Georgia appeared, and continually shouting out death, judgment and hell, frightened a great many. He insisted upon every one having his bible to read, etc. "I can not," he said, "give all bibles: collect the money, and I'll buy them for you." The collection was taken up; all contributed, some giving their jewels. The preacher took the offerings, and to this day, the bibles have not come, and the preacher has not been heard from.

About fifteen years ago, a priest, now in the Society, began to reside among the people of Mandarin. At first, he met with great difficulties, but now nearly all are Catholics.

A few Baptist negroes are living in the neighborhood, and are noted for the usual vices of the race.

The Catholic population is scattered over an area of thirty miles, and can scarcely be reached by a single mission: still those that could responded well to the labors of the missionary. They are commonly called "Crackers," but whatever else may be said of them, they are good, and try to save their souls. One would much rather see them as they are, with little farms and their houses full of children, than crazy after money and advancement. If there is a poor man amongst them that is in need, he starts out in the morning with a sack, and has not to go far before it is full of provisions. The colored people who are Catholics contrast very favorably with the colored Baptists spoken of above.

About two hundred Communions were the fruit of the mission.

This ends with the report from Key West, which will be given afterwards, the labors of the missionaries in Florida. The Fathers were all satisfied with the success of their work, and look back with pleasure to their stay in the "Land of Flowers." J. A. M.

Key West.

Notes from the Diary of a Missionary.

Finding it impossible to reach Key West, Florida, by steamer, in time to comply with our promised engagements, we started Dec. 30th from Boston for Cedar Keys with the promise from R. R. officials of making immediate connection with steamer from that Port. On Sunday morning, January 4th, we arrived at Jacksonville, wearied with travel and worn out from the want of sleep. The journey by the "Coast Line" is, indeed, monotonous. Leaving Richmond, Virginia, the "route" traverses the low grounds bordering the sea-coast. Miles and miles of swampy lands

covered with pine forests meet the eye. At long intervals a more elevated spot has been cleared and devoted to the culture of corn or cotton. Our stay at Jacksonville was of short duration. In the afternoon of the day of our arrival we retraced our steps to Baldwin, a point of intersection made by the "Western Florida" and the "Atlantic, Gulf and West Indies, Transit Co." Rail Roads. Next morning at eight o'clock we took a seat in a freight train trusting to reach Cedar Keys before the sailing of the steamer. Our route was now due East and West. The same formation of country presented itself. Low, flat lands, here and there a portion devoted to the raising of rice, now and again an orange grove of recent date broke the monotony of the surrounding pines and attracted attention. The road we were now traveling was known as A. G. & W. I. T. Co. which judging from the speed our train attained might read "Always going and when in time connects." Cedar Keys were reached at eight in the evening and we were informed that the steamer had sailed the previous night. The next steamer would touch at this port on the following Friday.

The island on which we were, is but one of the number of small islands called the Keys. It is about two miles long and half a mile wide. It is composed of sand, pebble and oyster shell, and stands not more than twelve feet above the sea level. The whole island was covered with the palmetto, of which we saw three different kinds. The tall palmetto (*Sabal Palmetto*), or as it is called by those residing upon the island "the cabbage palmetto, attained a height of thirty to forty feet. The saw palmetto (*Sabal Serrulata*) had a creeping stem four to eight feet long from which arose leaves two to four feet high. The dwarf palmetto (*Sabal Andersonii*), its short stem wholly under ground—its leaves two to three feet high, of a glaucous green, covered almost the whole extent of the sandy soil.

The island derives its importance from being the Gulf terminus of the Florida railroad, and a point of departure

for New Orleans or Key West and Havana. The chief and we may say, the only objects of interest are the large saw-mills belonging to Messrs. Fabers the famous manufacturers of lead-pencils. This firm obtains, yearly, hundreds of thousands feet of cedar from the adjacent islands and prepares it in these mills for shipment to their factories in the North. The waters surrounding the island are noted for their oysters. So abundant are they that even the palmetto piles which form the wharves are incrusted with them. The catching and shipment of fish employ many hands as the interior of Florida is for the most part supplied with this article of food from this island.

On Thursday a steamer *en route* to Havana touched at this port. Key West was also a point of her destination. Hearing this, we requested the captain to take us aboard. He replied: "The vessel is crowded; not a berth vacant, and even the floor of the mess-room is covered at night with sleeping passengers." So weary were we of Cedar Keys that the inconvenience of passing the night on deck did not deter us. We entreated the captain to receive us. He complied. Without regret we bade farewell to the place of our imprisonment during the past four days. The voyage was delightful. Our little steamer in the perfectly smooth water of the Gulf glided along at the rate of ten knots per hour. The first night was passed on deck—not an inch of sleeping room under cover unoccupied. The heavy fog chilled us to the bones. In the early morning the stewardess, an old colored woman, saw us reading our breviary and asked "if we were not a priest and our name." Informed, she exclaimed: "I went eight years ago to you to confession in Baltimore." Immediately the interest of this grateful soul was exerted in our behalf and she induced the first and second mates to resign their sleeping apartment in our favor. On Saturday about five in the afternoon we arrived at Key West.

It was the 10th of January, yet the luxuriant vegetation

of a tropical climate greeted us on every side. The city occupying about one half of the island, with its wide white coral streets, which were lined with small but neat residences shaded with tropical trees and embowered in perennial flowers and shrubbery, presented a picturesque and pleasing appearance to one who had just left the bleak North. The island, a vast coral, is about seven miles long by from one to two wide, and is eleven feet above the sea. The soil is extremely shallow, consisting of disintegrated coral and slight admixtures of decayed vegetable matter. The population numbers fifteen thousand; of these five thousand are Catholics. There are no springs upon the island and water forms an article of traffic. The principal industries are segar-making, which employs over four thousand five hundred Cubans, turtling, sponging and the catching of fish for the Cuban market. We began the retreat for the good Sisters of the "Holy Names of Jesus and Mary" on the evening of our arrival. Their convent "Maria Immaculata" is beautiful. Built of faced coral, it extends over two hundred feet in length. This structure erected during the past seven years cost $30,000. The grounds surrounding the building are seven acres in extent. With great difficulty has soil been collected to cover the barren coral, and now the seven acres produce nearly all the tropical fruits. Here we found the graceful cocoa tree with tall, straight trunk, tufted with long sweeping branches, and bearing fruit from the size of a walnut to that of a man's head. A banana grove occupies one portion of the grounds, whilst pine-apples, guavas, sapodillas, Jamaica-apples, lemons and oranges claim their respective places. The whole place was bright with flowers the most beautiful and fragrant. In different places the island is covered with a stunted chaparral, a natural growth, in which several species of the cactus form a prominent feature.

The Sisters have two schools under their charge; one at the convent numbering about one hundred and fifty pupils,

another in the city for colored children, which is attended by ninety boys and girls.

The retreat closed Saturday evening, or rather Sunday morning, as it was necessary to begin the mission for the people on Sunday, January 14th. Three years had elapsed since these good religious had the pleasure of seeing a Jesuit. Nothing could exceed their kindness in our regard. They pointed out the grave of the last Jesuit Father, who had conducted the Spiritual Exercises in their convent. He came from Havana, gave the retreat, and on the next day was taken down with yellow fever, dying in a few hours. No priest attended his death-bed, as he was the only one on the island. His body lies at the side of another hero of the Society, a priest also from Havana, who came to Key West, when its pastor was stricken down by this dreadful scourge, to administer to the wants of the dying. He fell in harness, a martyr of charity. Their graves are marked with rude simple crosses. No consecrated spot received their remains, no inscription tells their names. True soldiers of Christ, the Day of Judgment will reveal their merit.

January 11th, Sunday, we opened the mission for the people. The hope of success was faint indeed. The pastors told us, that of the four thousand five hundred Cubans, not one ever entered the church. They claim to be Catholics, but say that the clergy in the United States, as in Cuba, are opposed to "Cuba Libra;" hence they relinquish the practices of their religion, though they cling to the faith. The true reason is that they all belong to secret societies, free-masons, of which there are thirteen lodges in this small island. Of the remaining five hundred Catholics who reside on the Key, we were told but four men had made their Easter Communion, of the women some twenty. It was disheartening, on turning around at the opening of the mission, to find about one hundred men, women and children present. At night, the church was filled, and during the mission God blessed our labors. Four hundred and eighty-three approached holy Communion, thirteen were received

into the Church, twenty received Communion for the first time, and fifty were prepared for Confirmation. Among the converts, a prominent freemason made his abjuration. Monday night, January 26th, we closed the mission, and on Tuesday started for Tampa to begin another. On reaching Cedar Keys, after a stormy passage, we concluded it were better to join the other Fathers in the more important missions in Charleston, S. C. So we bade farewell to Southern Florida. G. I. S.

Missions in Charleston, S. C.

Returning North, the Fathers gave two missions in Charleston. Frs. Maguire and Holland were engaged at the Cathedral; Frs. Strong and Morgan, at St. Patrick's. The work lasted for a week; and the Fathers had every reason to be pleased with the fruits of their labors in both places. The people are warm-hearted and docile. The attendance during the exercises was very large; the Protestants of all classes showed great willingness to listen to Catholic doctrine.

About thirty-six hundred persons received the holy Communion, taking the results in both churches. Fourteen converts were made to the faith. Over a hundred adults were prepared for Confirmation; about twenty grown persons made their first Communion.

From Charleston northward there was little to vary the monotony of the journey. The burning of a bridge near Weldon, N. C., delayed the Fathers for twelve hours. Weldon is a small and uninteresting place. By inquiry it was found that there were eight Catholics in the town; the ninth one had been obliged to run away for some misdeed. Continuing their journey, the Father saw on the train about twenty "exodusters" *en route* for Indiana; these colored emigrants were dressed in their summer clothes, expecting, no doubt, to find in the land of promise, a negro paradise—perpetual summer. The following dialogue was overheard.

A friend came into the car and spoke to the leader of the band.

First (*colored*) *citizen.* "How d'ye do? Whar is ye gwine?"

Second (*colored*) *citizen.* (subdued.) "To Indiana."

First. "To Indiana! What ye gwine dar for? It's monstrous cole out dar, ole man. It's powerful cole out dar round Boston. I've been dar once."

Second. (changing subject.) "How's yer lettis?"

First. "What! did ye see de lettis? Well, ole man, ye won't see no mo! No lettis, out dar round Boston. Ole man, ye seed it for de las' time. Sell yer ticket and go back home. Ye won't see yer wife, no mo. Why, ye'll die out dar round Boston. Ye'll be frize."

The advice did no good.

Missions in New York City.

St. Lawrence Church.—Frs. Maguire, Strong, Holland, Magevney and Morgan gave a very successful mission in this church of our Fathers during the first week of Lent. They were obliged from the beginning to have a double mission, as the crowds in both weeks were too large to be gathered into the church. The interest was kept up through the two weeks, and much good was done. A separate service was had every day for the children, and a very interesting ceremony in their behalf was had on the last Sunday: the children were assembled, and a certain number of boys and girls, appropriately dressed, renewed in the name of all the rest the Baptismal Vows, after which the papal benediction was given them by one of the Fathers.

Results: Communions, eight thousand; Baptism of adults, nine; left under instruction, three: First Communion of adults, one hundred and two; prepared for Confirmation, one hundred and twenty-nine.

Church of the Holy Innocents.—This mission was given by Frs. Maguire, Mc Atee, Holland, Magevney and Gerlach. The labor was hard and continuous, and, but for

the help of the Fathers from Fordham College, a great deal would have been left undone. They came every evening and worked for hours in the confessional, and this notwithstanding their collegiate duties during the rest of the day. Special efforts were made for the spiritual advantage of the children of the public schools with encouraging results.

Fruits of the work: eleven thousand Communions; First Communions of adults, thirty-two; Converts, fifteen. A number was prepared for Confirmation.

Jersey City, N. J.—Frs. Strong and Morgan were engaged at St. Bridget's Church in this city from the 7th to 21st March, whilst the other Fathers were giving the mission at the church of the Holy Innocents, in New York. Being by themselves, the work came hard on them, but the Fathers of the College kindly came to their relief and helped them over the difficulties. There were four sermons or instructions every day; a special one was given to the children. The day after the exercises were ended, the Bishop of the diocese, Right Rev. Michael Corrigan, gave Confirmation to one hundred and twenty-nine adults.

Seventy grown persons were prepared for first Communion; the total number of Communicants was twenty-seven hundred. Converts to the Faith, fourteen. Children, of mixed marriages, baptized, seven. Number of confessions over three thousand.

This is the sum of the missionary labors to March 21st. It is easily seen that the southern tour was not so fruitful in numbers, but when it is considered that the Catholic population there is scattered, and that every body almost, that could, made the mission, and that so large a number of Protestants in proportion to the population was received into the Church, the Fathers have no reason to complain.

General results: Communions, twenty-eight thousand; Baptisms, eighty; First Communion of adults, two hundred and thirty-four. Prepared for Confirmation (adults), four hundred and sixteen. J. A. M.

Mission in Chicago.

The mission at "The Holy Name" Cathedral, Chicago, commenced on the 4th Sunday of Lent, and was brought to a close on Tuesday of Holy Week. It was conducted hy Father Coghlan, aided by Frs. Verdin, Bouige, Kuppens and Van Hultz. The very Rev. Dr. Mc Mullen, V. G., pastor of the cathedral, as also the Rev. Clergy attached to the church, lent their aid in the confessional. Father Riel assisted till called away to replace the good and lamented Father Mc Gill, who died in Detroit during Holy Week.

The general results of the mission may be briefly summed up:

There were ten thousand confessions heard. There were nineteen converts received into the Church; two thousand three hundred members were received into the Society of the Sacred Heart and Apostleship of Prayer, while three hundred young ladies were received into the Sodality, established during the mission.

There were three thousand men present at the night services during the week especially devoted to their spiritual welfare, presenting so imposing a spectacle that an accidental Protestant attendant remarked that "it could not be there said that religion was considered good only for women."

The missionary Fathers left Chicago on March 31st, to open another mission in the church of St. Charles Borromeo, Brooklyn, on the 4th of April.

D. O. M.